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PERIODICAL

PUNCH



OCTOBER

26

1949

Vol. CCXVII

No. 5682

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



Issued by the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance to remind you that biscuits simply cannot be beaten as a compact energy food.

CVS-218



WHAT A CREDIT TO VIROL!

Children brought up on Virol have abundant energy, sturdy straight limbs and sound constitutions. Virol provides just that extra nourishment which helps children to stand the dual strain of their daily work and recreation.

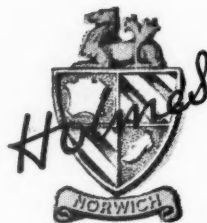
Virol

VIROL IS A CONCENTRATED FOOD prepared from malt extract, specially refined beef fat, egg, sugars (including glucose) and orange juice, with added mineral salts and vitamins.

★ No other food contains the same ingredients in the same balanced proportions.

'Kumfrees'

by



Designers and makers of fine shoes for ladies

"SWEET



AND
HANDSOME"

Sharps

Delicious **CHOCOLATE**
SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE
offered to you in the new
attractive *Rendezvous* box



"Those Farrow's men are here again; our luck is out of joint. Just watch! Those brutes will pick our fruits right at perfection-point. And while they scan for what to can—the choicest, they assert—we dine in state on second-rate, with windfalls for dessert."



FARROW'S for choice

Canned English Fruits and Vegetables, Salad Cream, Tomato Ketchup and other good things from Orchard and Garden



1629
Florentine
Hair Style

*How
Distinctive!*

**HORNIMANS
DISTINCTIVE
TEA**

W. H. & F. J. HORNIMAN & CO., LTD. EST. 1826

Doubling the delight!

Weston's

Chocolate

Table Fingers



How well they go together—

the good rich chocolate and the

crisp white biscuit. And 20

or more in a quarter pound!

Oven-fresh and tempting from

model factories they are made from the

finest ingredients obtainable, in the Weston way

which means quality through and through.

Weston's

BISCUITS



*She'll come out all right—
she knows about 'TEBILIZED'*

No cause for worry about a crumpled dress when it's made of a fabric marked 'TEBILIZED.' Fabrics so marked resist and recover from creasing much as wool does naturally.

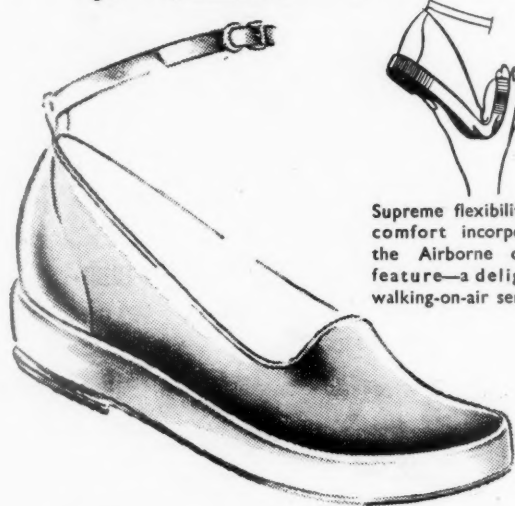


EVERY FABRIC MARKED

TEBILIZED

HAS TESTED CREASE-RESISTANCE

Wear an Airborne pair



Supreme flexibility and comfort incorporating the Airborne original feature—a delightful walking-on-air sensation

Lilley & Skinner

356-360 OXFORD ST., W.1 BRANCHES ALL OVER LONDON

**OUR FURS are
extremely good value**

TO-DAY, owing to the devaluation of the £ and the subsequent advance in the price of skins, our existing stocks of Non-Utility Furs offer a genuine price advantage.



Wherever you are, look to Marshall & Snelgrove for FURS... LONDON, BIRMINGHAM, MANCHESTER, SOUTHPORT, HARROGATE, LEICESTER, LEEDS, SCARBOROUGH, YORK, SHEFFIELD, BRADFORD.

**MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE**
*The First Name in
Fashion*



We can't claim that even an Old Bleach pure linen Kitchen Cloth will make a husband, not trained to the job from youth, *leap* to dry up—but its clean, aristocratic look will certainly make him more willing. Linen is super-absorbent—gets the job done quickly. Always looks fresh and wears well. Brighten your maidless home with some of these gaily striped affairs.

ALL DRY WITH

OLD BLEACH KITCHEN CLOTHS

Old Bleach Linen Co Ltd, Randalstown, Northern Ireland



**"It's a
GAYLEDOUR**

**look at
the pure
mohair"**

Look, too, at the deep, curly pile... the superb finish... the high standard of workmanship. Choice? 3 shapes, 6 sizes, and 15 glorious colours. Price? Surprisingly small. Delivery? Direct from Mills to consumer. Thus, within the shortest possible time a GAYLEDOUR RUG will be yours. Trade enquiries are not invited.

GAYLEDOUR
PURE MOHAIR RUGS

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Name.....
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The free illustrated Gayledour Booklet. True colours, full details, shapes, sizes, prices, and easy to order form. No obligation. Write today to:—



Bramhope Floorfurnishings Ltd., Dept. P.3, 8-10 Wakefield Rd., Drighlington, Mr. Bradford, Yorks.

**young timers are finding
this 2-way winding**

THE WAVE THAT BRINGS
THEM POPULARITY



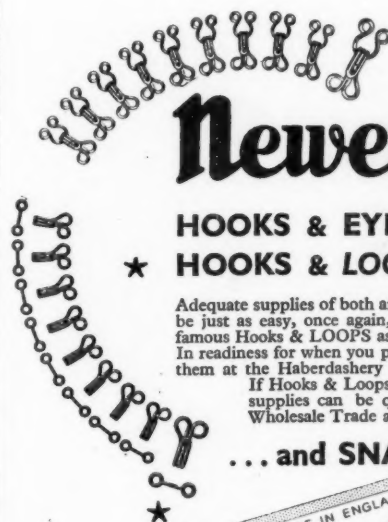
It's easy to see why Eugène's new permanent wave is so popular with the younger set! They've discovered Eugène's exciting new root-and-point Wave, the modern technique that gives you the loveliest curls imaginable. With a Eugène your hair is prettier and healthier, and so manageable you can change from one flattering hair style to another as often as you like. So make an appointment with your Registered Eugène Waver now and ask for the new Eugène—the famous wave that's 'Permanently Yours.'



DO
YOU
KNOW
THAT
Eugène is the only company with 12 training schools for hairdressers. Eugène has 10,000 trained Registered Wavers to give the highest standard of work and service.

Eugène

THE NEW ROOT-AND-POINT PERMANENT WAVE
AL



Newey Bros. Ltd.
Birmingham.
Hooks & Eye Makers



by appointment to
H. M. The Queen
and
H. M. Queen Mary

Newey's

**HOOKS & EYES and
★ HOOKS & LOOPS again, too!**

Adequate supplies of both are now available—so it should be just as easy, once again, for you to find these world famous Hooks & LOOPS as it is Newey's Hooks & Eyes. In readiness for when you particularly need *Loops*, ask for them at the Haberdashery Counter wherever you shop. If Hooks & Loops are temporarily out-of-stock, supplies can be quickly provided through the Wholesale Trade as usual.

... and SNAP FASTENERS



Royds

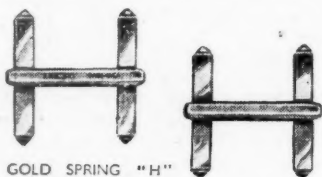
If it fastens—NEWEYS make it



By Appointment to
H.M. The King
Silversmiths & Jewellers

Asprey

Write for Christmas Catalogue to: ASPREY & CO.
LTD. 165/169 NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1.
and 62-64 The Promenade, Cheltenham



GOLD SPRING "H"
CUFF LINKS
£14 15 0 PAIR



MONEY CLIP IN SPECIALLY
HARDENED SILVER £2 7 6
IN SPECIALLY HARDENED
GOLD £7 7 0



GOLD CIGARETTE HOLDER, 4½" LENGTH £14 10 0
(ALSO IN VARIOUS DESIGNS AND LENGTHS)



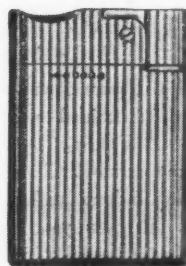
PATENT SILVER "TRAVEL" PROPELLING PENCIL £3 15 0
(TO HOLD ANY SIZE LEAD)



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TURNED DESIGNS IN GOLD
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PATENT "CARTRIDGE"
PLACEFINDER £5 10 0

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THE WORLD'S MOST HONOURED WATCH



from your own jeweller

BAUME AND COMPANY · LONDON & LA CHAUX-DE-FONDS



THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

CHANEL



out by the swimming pool

...or in the restaurant. HOW WILL THEY SIT? Indoors, they'll be extremely comfortable on the New Upholstered Stak-a-Bye. Outdoors the Standard all steel Stak-a-Bye with its weather resistant finish is perhaps more practical. Both types of chairs can be clamped in rows for concerts. But when the curtain rings down and the dance band tunes up—that's when you'll really bless these light Stak-a-Byes. You can clear them off the floor in a moment and stack them up in such neat, space-saving piles. Price? Very reasonable. Write for leaflet N.13. For offices, factories, restaurants and canteens, hospitals, homes and gardens, we make other chairs and tables—and they're equally practical. Would you like to hear about them?

sebel

STEEL CHAIRS AND TABLES

TRADE ENQUIRIES WELCOMED



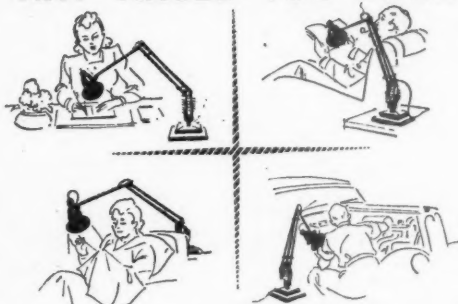
SEBEL STEEL CHAIRS AND TABLES ARE AMONG THE PRODUCTS OF OUR PARENT COMPANY, D. SEBEL & CO. LTD., COVERED BY GRANTED AND PENDING WORLD PATENTS, REGISTERED DESIGNS AND REGISTERED TRADE MARKS.

SEBEL PRODUCTS LTD., 39-41 NEW OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.1 TEL: TEM. BAR 0786-7-8-9

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ANY ANGLE YOU FANCY**



A finger touch puts it where you want it...here, there, anywhere...and it stays, rock steady. Anglepoise (light at 1001 angles) needs only a 25 or 40 watt bulb. All good Electricians or stores.

The **TERRY**
Anglepoise Lamp

Sole Makers:

HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD., REDDITCH. London, Manchester, Birmingham

Pat. all countries

**"I WORE
THAT HAT
the day we bought
our Slumberland!"**



There are many thousands of Slumberlands, still luxuriously soft and resilient, that began life more than twenty years ago.

And today, non-utility Slumberlands last longer than ever—they have "Ortho-Flex" springs. With this entirely new type of springing, the resilience goes deeper.

Ask, at any shop where they are

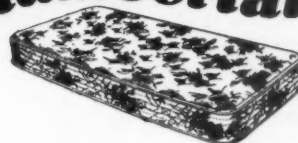
showing Slumberlands, to feel for yourself the new, deeper resilience of "Ortho-Flex" springing. That's what gives the long-lasting comfort. The first five years of all Slumberlands are covered by guarantee. Look for the label.

If it is necessary to wait a while for a Slumberland, remember you're waiting for a lifetime of better sleep.

There's a Lifetime of Better Sleep in a Slumberland!



slumberland



THE GREATEST COMFORT INVENTED SINCE SLEEP



**Tribute to the
Perfect Hostess**

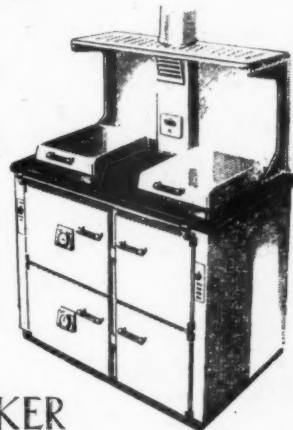
HERE at last is a cooking range to gladden the heart of any hostess who gives large parties. It brings peace and order to her kitchen and the best of cooking for her guests.

The Advance Cooker No. 1 provides sufficient hotplate and oven space for twenty people—or even thirty with an auxiliary oven. It will burn night and day with the minimum of solid fuel, replenished only once or twice in twenty-four hours—according to the type of fuel. In the morning the kitchen is warm, the fire is quickly revived and cooking temperatures reached in a very short time.

This is a range which brings a new joy to cooking—to save time, work, health and temper—The Advance Cooker No. 1.

Write for folder Number 30 which tells you all about it.

ADVANCE COOKER

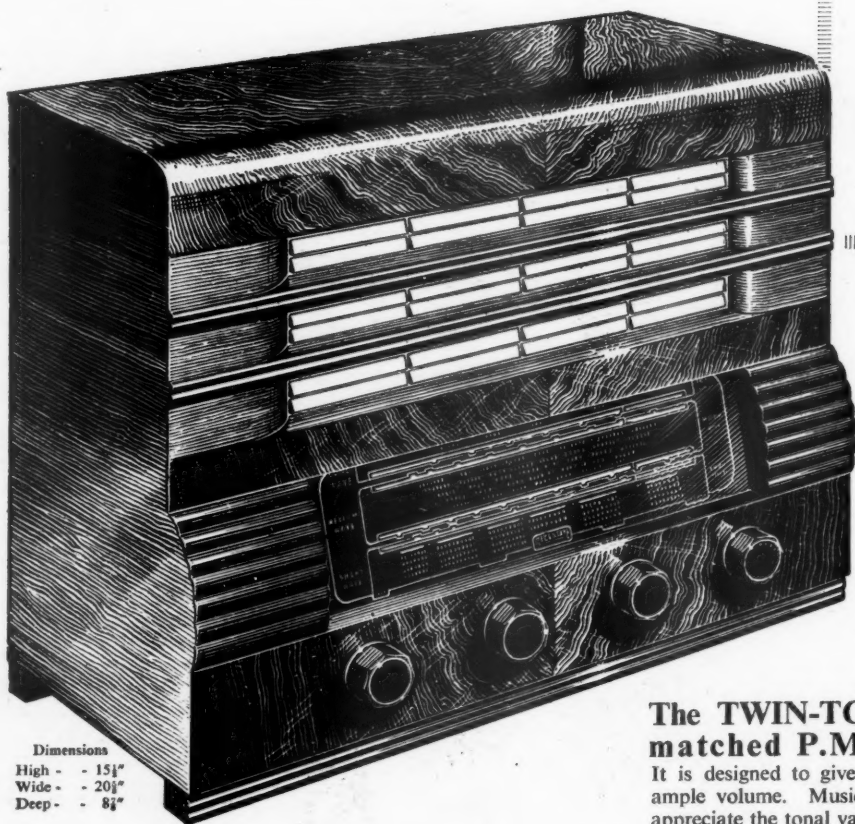


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ASTON - BIRMINGHAM - 8

WILSONS & MATHIESONS LTD.
ARMLEY - LEEDS - 12

PARK FOUNDRY CO. LTD.
BELPER - DERBYSHIRE
3529F

*Two speakers
are better than one...*



Dimensions
High - 15½"
Wide - 20½"
Deep - 8½"



You'd better get a

REGENTONE

REGENTONE PRODUCTS LTD.,
EASTERN AVENUE,
ROMFORD, ESSEX.

The TWIN-TONE 353 has two matched P.M. loudspeakers

It is designed to give superb reproduction with ample volume. Music lovers, in particular, will appreciate the tonal value that this achieves. Like all Regentone models, the Twin-Tone has a beautifully made figured walnut cabinet. It is a 5 valve superhet, operating on 3 wavebands.

£25.0.0

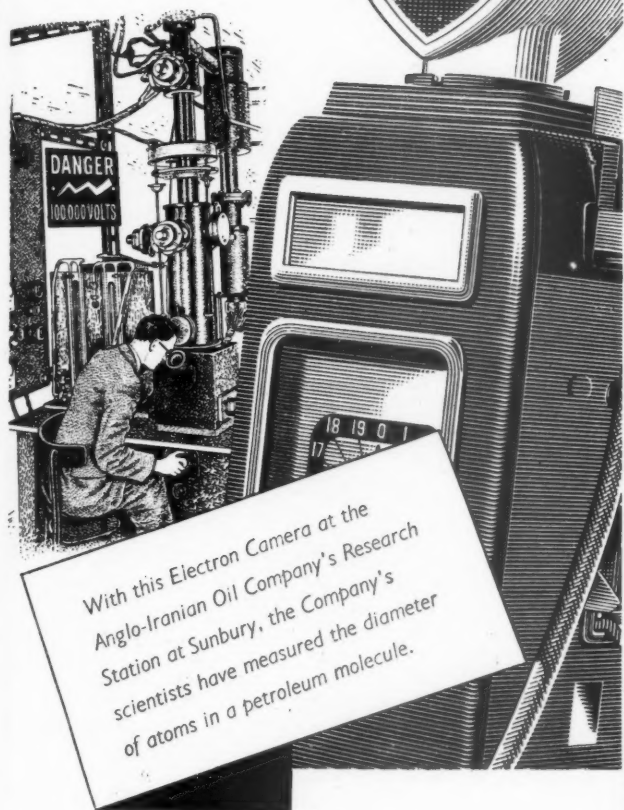
AC or AC/DC Mains.

Tax Paid.

See and hear this and other Regentone Models at your dealer's to-day.

by the sound of it!

FOR Better Petrol



With this Electron Camera at the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's Research Station at Sunbury, the Company's scientists have measured the diameter of atoms in a petroleum molecule.

Behind the BP trade-mark are all the resources of

ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY LTD.,

one of the world's greatest producers of petroleum. When brands return this will guarantee the quality of BP petrol.

FAMOUS IN FIVE CONTINENTS



for Magnificent Motoring

Typically English is the description which almost inevitably is applied to the Riley, a car which cannot be closely compared with products of any other country. It is a car the ancestry of which can be traced back over a long period of years, and which in new post-war form has earned ever-increasing popularity.

Vide "The Motor" 22nd June 1949

1½ litre Saloon £714. Purchase Tax £199. 1. 8

100 h.p. 2½ litre Saloon £958. Purchase Tax £266. 17. 2

Riley - as old as the industry - as modern as the hour

RILEY MOTORS LIMITED, Sales Division, COWLEY, OXFORD
London Showrooms: "RILEY CARS" 55-56 PALL MALL, S.W.1
Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd. Oxford and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1



When your garage recommend JOHN BULL TYRES they do so in the conviction that they are offering unequalled quality and unequalled value.



Distributed direct from Factory to Garage without intermediate profits, these factory-fresh tyres are built to a lavish specification which shews itself in greater mileage and better road-grip. The extra-wide, deep tread gives a definite feeling of extra safety.

JOHN BULL

• THICKER • WIDER • SAFER

DAKS^{REGD} SUIT



a
**social
success!**

The greatest contribution to evening comfort made in this century! Self-supporting Daks trousers combined with their modern counterpart—the easy double-breasted dinner jacket. Cool. Impeccable. Correct. From Simpson agents everywhere

TAILORED BY SIMPSON

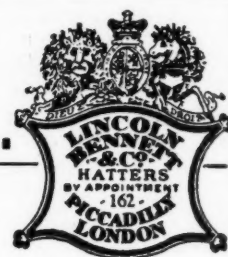
Heads of State



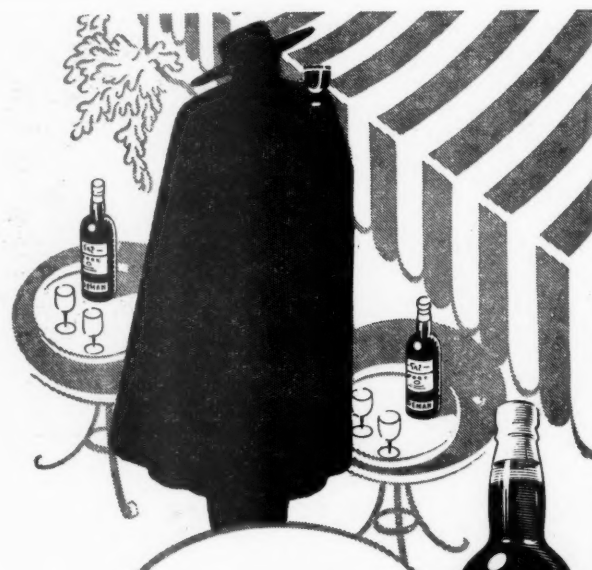
heads of firms

and heads ahead of most

wear hats by . . .



162 Piccadilly (Corner of St. James's Street),
and from the best men's shops everywhere



One of Sandeman's fine sherries to introduce the meal. One of Sandeman's noble ports to bring it to a close. These are basic rules of entertaining.

SANDEMAN
PORT & SHERRY

"You'll like it"



S.102.D



Moët & Chandon CHAMPAGNE

Dry Imperial
Vintage

Première Cuvée
Non-Vintage



COURVOISIER Cognac

THE BRANDY OF NAPOLEON

★★★
V.S.O.P.

V.V.O.
NAPOLEON
FINE CHAMPAGNE

Right for
your
lifetime—
choose a



Crusader PRECISION LIFE-TIMEPIECE



All 'Crusader' Watch movements are sealed and carry an "all-in" prompt Free-Service Guarantee—even against accidental breakage. From high-class Jewellers only.

Latest designs for ladies and gentlemen. Gold or Stainless Steel from £10.4.4. Also Ruby, Diamond and Sapphire, from £36.

Write for address of your nearest Crusader Jeweller, to
CRUSADER TIMEPIECES LTD. VICTORIA RD. SOUTH RUISLIP, MDDX.

a new line
in FOOT COMFORT!



The Tootal Sock has not been sold in this country before. It feels soft and comfortable to the wearer—looks very neat to the beholder. But the non-felting property of the wool (Epilox brand) and special hidden reinforcement at vital points make it a sock with an exceptionally long life. A choice of plain shades. Carries the Tootal guarantee of satisfaction.

TOOTAL SOCKS

The words 'Tootal' and 'Epilox' are Registered Trade Marks



For men by

Lenthéric

'Three Musketeers': A well matched trio for masculine freshness, After Shave Lotion with either Scalp Stimulant and Hairdressing, Scalp Stimulant and 'Tanbark' Cologne, or Brilliantine and After Shave Powder. Price 25/-

Other items in the Lenthéric range for men:
 After Shave Lotion 8/4.
 'Tanbark' Cologne 8/4.
 After Shave Powder 8/4.
 Scalp Stimulant 8/4.
 Hairdressing 8/4.
 Lather Shaving Cream 3/-.

quiet, perfect grooming

Paris : 17 Old Bond Street, London, W.1 : New York

Artistry
 "Art is the expression of man's joy in his work." Among fine examples of the craftsman's art is this Astronomical Clock with enamelled silver dial (Augsburg 1584) in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London.

THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

Rolls-Royce Limited 14-15 Conduit Street, London, W.1.

From Scotland to every corner of the World

VAT 69

Quality Tells

Sanderson's LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY
 W.M. SANDERSON & SON LTD., QUALITY STREET, LEITH, AND BATH HOUSE, PICCADILLY, LONDON



LITERALLY A *Riding Scarf*

If you find yourself in any of the awkward predicaments pictured on this attractive new scarf of crepe and silk, with black design on a yellow background, just take it off and read how

to cope with it! Here is one of the most original riding scarves you've yet seen—children will love it, grown-ups too. It costs only £1. 10. 4 and comes to you on receipt of your remittance.

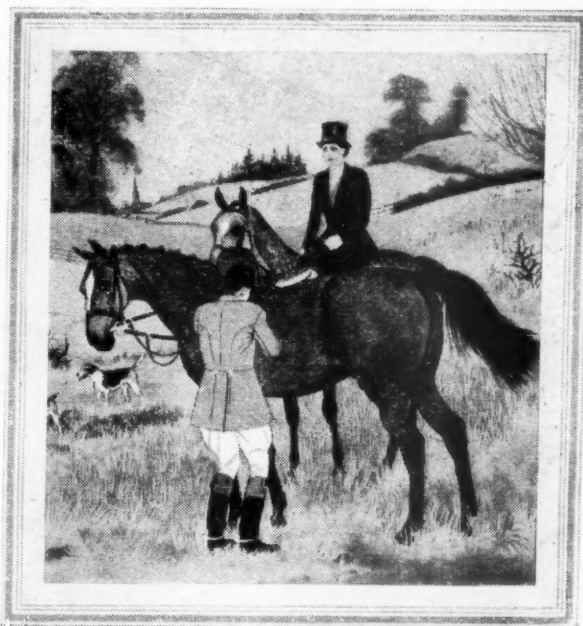
MOSS BROS

OF COVENT GARDEN

JUNCTION OF GARRICK AND BEDFORD STREETS, W.C.2. TEMPLE BAR 4477



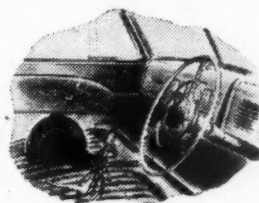
*The wise horseman
checks his girth...*



the wise motorist chooses

Essolube

THE OIL FOR
WISER DRIVERS



OFFICIALLY RECOMMENDED BY LEADING CAR MANUFACTURERS

SAY IT BY CABLE

YOU CAN CABLE FROM YOUR HOME

IF YOU'RE ON THE TELEPHONE

Send your cables this way. Ring the nearest Cable & Wireless Office, or ask exchange for "Foreign Telegrams" and dictate your message. Otherwise hand it in at any Cable & Wireless branch or any Post Office. You can send a social message to any part of the Commonwealth for 5d. a word (minimum 5/-). To some parts it costs less.

CABLE & WIRELESS LIMITED

Electra House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.2

BEGIN YOUR MESSAGE GLT
5/-



**BRAKES - DAMPERS
CHASSIS LUBRICATION**

In order that motorists can maintain the high standards set by the manufacturers, **GIRLING** have established a chain of **AUTHORISED SERVICE AGENTS** throughout the world, equipped with the correct tools, **GENUINE GIRLING SPARES**, and the knowledge and enthusiasm that enables us to claim

GIRLING

THE BEST BRAKES IN THE WORLD

Fitted to the **MAJORITY** of Britain's Fine Cars and Commercial Vehicles.

BACKED BY THE BEST SERVICE IN THE WORLD

THERE'S AN AUTHORISED SERVICE AGENT IN your DISTRICT

Ask the man who knows best



Ask the man who *sells* tyres

The man who sells tyres knows what's best for your purpose. It matters little to him which make you buy. But it does matter that he satisfies his customers. That's why he'll be glad to guide your choice—and why you can trust his recommendation.

Prevention of Damage by Pests
Act, 1949
12 & 13 GEO. 6. CH. 55

Prevention of Damage by Pests Act, 1949

ARRANGEMENT OF SECTIONS.

PART I.

RATS AND MICE.

- Section
1. Local authorities for the purposes of Part I.
 2. Duties of local authorities.
 3. Obligation of occupiers of land to notify local authority of rats and mice.
 4. Power of local authority to require action.
 5. Remedies for failure to comply with notice under s. 4.
 6. Additional powers of local authorities in relation to groups of premises.
 7. Recovery of expenses under s. 5 or s. 6.
 8. Provisions as to threshing and dismantling of ricks.
 9. Power of local authority to require information as to interests in land.
 10. Authentication of documents, service of notices, etc.
 11. Exchequer grants to local authorities.
 12. Powers of Minister with respect to functions of local authorities.

PART II.

INFESTATION OF FOOD.

13. Obligation of certain undertakers to give notice of occurrence of infestation.
14. Power of Minister to give directions to certain undertakers for preventing or mitigating infestation.
15. Appeal against directions under s. 14.
16. Powers of Minister in case of failure to comply with directions.
17. Offences against Part II.
18. Power of Minister to delegate to local authorities.

The Prevention of Damage by Pests Act (1949), which comes into force on March 31st, 1950, makes it the responsibility of individual occupiers and management to clear premises infested by rats, mice and insect pests, or report their presence to their Local Authority—but it will still remain the duty of the owner or occupier to clear his premises.

It is in your own interests to ACT NOW by ensuring that your premises have been cleared by the time this Act comes into operation.

The Ratin Service is the largest commercial organisation of its kind in the country. The employment by the Ratin Service of the latest scientific methods means that the natural cunning and suspicions of rats and mice are defeated, thus whole colonies are wiped out.

Write TO-DAY for our special folder explaining your responsibility under the Act and giving details of how the Ratin Service can clear your premises and keep them clear.

RATIN SERVICE

covers the country

THE BRITISH RATIN CO. LTD., 125 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

Tel: ABBEY 7621.

We operate from 44 centres.

By Appointment Cyder makers to
H.M. KING GEORGE VI H.M. QUEEN MARY
William Gaymer & Son Ltd. Attleborough & London

Gaymer's CYDER

Famous for over 300 years

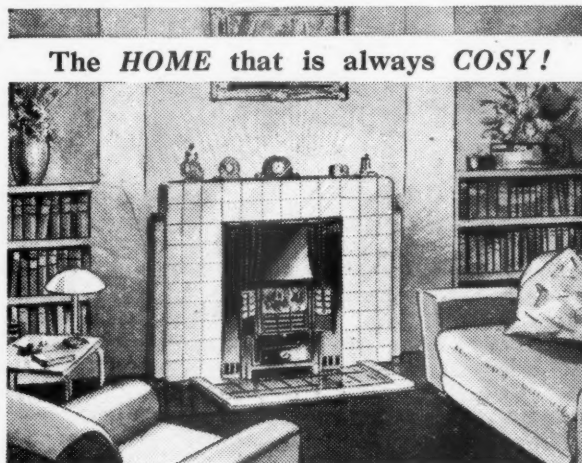


Who
is Sylvia?

You can tell three things about Sylvia before she lowers her mirror. She has beautiful hands, owns beautiful silver, and takes good care of both. All her silver is trusted to Silvo; Silvo is gentle, considerate and kind. It coaxes away the dimness, leaving silver's own beauty to shine for itself.

SILVO

Liquid Silver Polish
RECKITT & COLMAN LTD.
FOUNDER MEMBER OF BETRO
(British Export Trade Research Organisation)



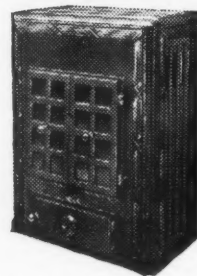
The HOME that is always COSY!

Cosy because of its warmth, warm because of its COZY.

COZY STOVES keep alight day and night, are clean and so very economical. No special fuel is required.

COZY STOVES

for a warm welcome



Ask your ironmonger or builders merchant, or write to:

THE COZY STOVE CO. LTD., 26, NASSAU STREET, LONDON, W.1

IN STAINLESS STEEL



Part of the
BALMORAL TEA SET

Product of J. & J. WIGGIN LTD.

In craftsmanship there is no alternative to beauty; no substitute for quality. In tableware the assurance of both comes with the name 'OLDE HALL' ... a name that is accepted and appreciated by women throughout the world.

Olde Hall

OLD HALL WORKS, BLOXWICH, WALSALE



FLAG TOMATO KETCHUP
IS BACK AGAIN - it's delicious

For energy
and stamina
TUROG
BREAD



But we need
YOUR HELP for
NOBODY'S CHILD

Increased Income
Urgently Needed

5,000 NOW IN OUR
FAMILY

A VOLUNTARY SOCIETY
NOT STATE-SUPPORTED

Gifts gratefully received by the Director
W. R. Vaughan, O.B.E.
CHURCH OF ENGLAND

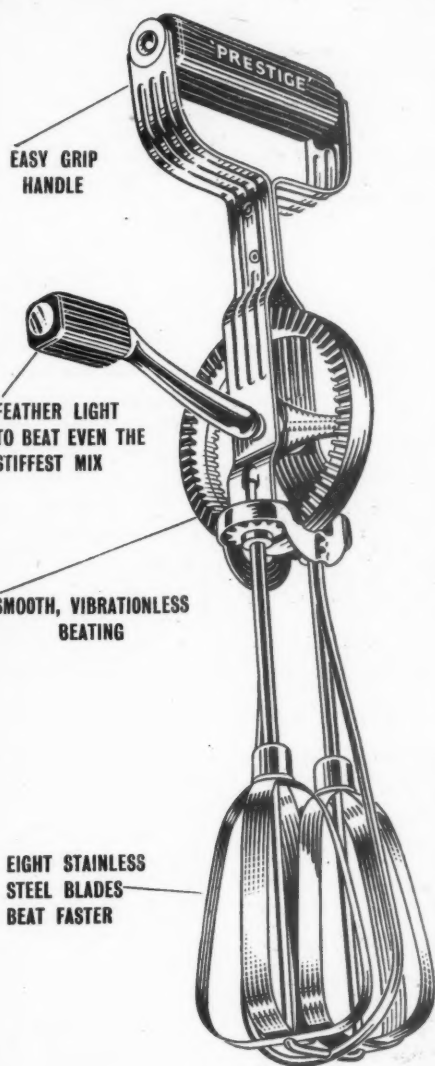
CHILDREN'S SOCIETY

OLD TOWN HALL, KENNINGTON
LONDON, S.E.11

Stuart Crystal



Beautiful Stuart Crystal is mainly reserved for the Nation's vital export drive, but a limited supply is now making its welcome appearance here at home



This egg beater lasts a lifetime!

At last — an Egg Beater that does *all* the beating jobs in the kitchen, smoother, faster and without effort. The 'Prestige' is designed especially for the busy housewife. Consider its features and remember it's made to last a lifetime. It's the perfect gift. It costs a little more, but it's worth it . . . 21/- (including Purchase Tax) from all good Stores and Ironmongers.

'PRESTIGE' EGG BEATER

Since 1945 Over 20,000 families change to the **AGA**

Regd Trade Mark

54% from gas and electricity—46% from coal and oil*

*never before such cooking help
—yet it cuts fuel bills*



PEOPLE IN THE COUNTRY first discovered the amazing service of the Aga. Now *town* people are turning by the thousands to this continuous-burning cooker, so helpful that it seems almost human!

Men of the family like the reduced fuel bills. With such cash savings coming in, they don't mind throwing out present equipment for the Aga. In fact, the water heater, too, can go — its heating costs can be ended, for there is an Aga model whose *one* small fire not only cooks but also supplies hot water in the kitchen and bathroom right round the clock!

Can't live without it!

Once you live with an Aga you can't live without it, say owners. When they explain, they name first, "Its constant readiness". No fires to light! No waiting for top plates or ovens to heat for cooking — each is *always* at exactly the right temperature for its special task: fast boiling, simmering, baking, roasting or just keeping food warm! Fuel is needed only morning and night. The kitchen is comfortably warm in winter yet cool in summer. And the Aga is so expertly designed to cook to perfection that all fine flavour is saved — food is prepared to please the most particular!

Women like this

"Cleaner kitchen and cooker!" That's another reason why Aga owners never stop their praise. The vitreous-enamel surface is easily wiped clean with a damp cloth. Cooking utensils are not blackened by exposed flames.

Walls stay clean so long, for the Aga is smokeless, fumeless, dustless!

Saves its cost!

But remember! Only the Aga offers all this labour-saving service — with a *guaranteed* maximum fuel consumption for the year, a maximum so low that *fuel savings finally pay the cost of the Aga!* **Send today for free catalogue.** Write to: Aga Heat Ltd., 2/1 Orchard House, Orchard Street, London, W.1. (Proprietors: Allied Ironfounders Ltd.)

Talk it over with your family!

*According to a recent survey among Aga owners.

AGA COOKERS AND WATER HEATERS



FARM BABY STARTS THINGS HAPPENING

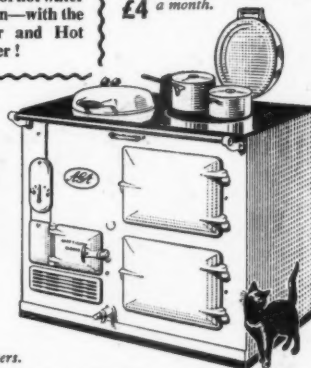
Young Christopher Hoare, 17 months old, is the main reason why there is an Aga Cooker and Water Heater at Hoe Farm, Hunston, near Chichester. Dairy farming is the speciality of this 150-acre farm with its 56 Guernsey cows.

"We realized after Christopher's arrival that we must have lots of hot water and a warm house," says Mrs. Hoare. "We had wanted an Aga, and this provided the opportunity. We're glad we got one. It certainly saves work and money. I now have time and energy for the 'little more than living that makes life worth while'."



For just 1/- a day in fuel!
All your cooking plus 3 or more piping hot baths, and lashings of hot water in the kitchen—with the Aga Cooker and Hot Water Heater!

BELOW IS THE Aga Model CB Cooker and Water Heater. Its *guaranteed* maximum fuel consumption per year is 3½ tons, *coke*, anthracite or "Phurnacite". Also 2-oven cooker without water heating and 4-oven cooker. Prompt deliveries now made. *Aga models from £85 to £115. Hire purchase terms less than £4 a month.*



The fable of the fish and the facts

There was once a Fish so huge and old and cunning that no-one said him nay, and so wonderfully ugly that his friends avoided the subject. "Great king!" cried a school of small whales, saluting as they passed. "Tide-breather!" "Stream-snorter!" "Storm-swallower!" The Fish grinned terribly. "Poetry," said he, "Poetry . . . Now, in plain human prose, what am I but so many tons of cooking fats . . ."

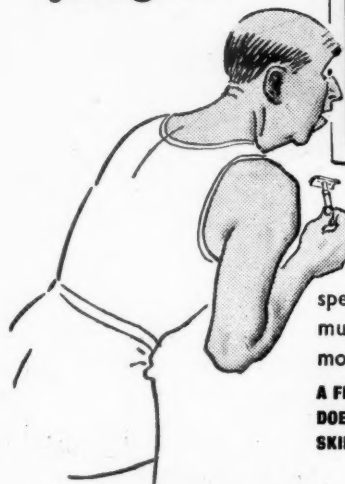
There's a time for rhetoric and a time for simple statement. If, if they liked, might describe their manifold production processes in terms to make a pageant seem prosaic. They would rather tell you that their direct exports for 1947-8 amounted to over £10,000,000, that, if indirect exports are included, they made £1 out of every £100 won by the whole country in overseas markets. Every £1 earned that way is worth a cut. of orchestral accompaniment.



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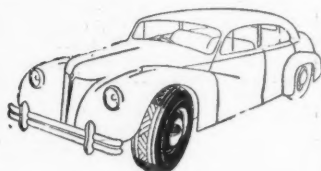
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Rothman of Pall Mall

THE BEST-KNOWN TOBACCONIST
IN THE WORLD



CHARIVARIA

SEVERAL members of the present Government have a future outside politics, in one writer's opinion. At the moment many of them share this fear.

"Ramechandra Hari, a worker, who was returning home along Elphinstone Road, Bombay, on Tuesday night after immersing his Ganpati idol in the sea, was severely assaulted by some persons . . . The police suspect that the assailants were on inimical terms with Hari."

"The Times of India"

They should follow this line up.



A lady returning from her first holiday abroad says she brought back many precious memories. Everything else she left regretfully in the Customs shed.

"Complete Shakespeare,

13 vols., Cr. 8vo., 1868, leather-bound; £4 10s."

Leicester paper

Look out for the "thousand natural shocks."

A *Sunday Express* reader declares that two income tax men in a car came to collect a 5s. debt from him. There is no truth in reports that an Inland Revenue convoy is about to set out for Tel-Aviv.

The Government has sold its entire surplus stock of Algerian wine to Germany. The purpose to which it is to be put by the Germans remains a mystery.

New Yorkers always explain that the smallness of Manhattan is responsible for the erection of skyscrapers. What they can't understand, when visiting this country, is the architecture of Rutland.

"Governors of Borstal institutions report satisfactory conduct but a disappointing amount of absconding—rather less than 20 per cent. tried to get away. That is described as a challenge to the system."

"The Times"

Just what is the system?

It takes a brave heart to leave the party at the eleventh hour, says a political writer. It takes a good head to stay much later.



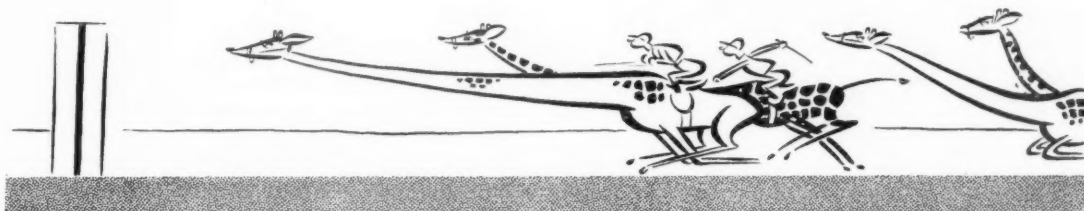
An Inverness man is reported to have driven a burglar out of his house with a golf club. We are not told in how many.

"It must be remembered though," he added, "that however necessary devaluation of currency may be at a particular time, it is only a temporary remedy. It is like myopia administered to a patient to give temporary relief."

"The Statesman"

Rather a short-sighted policy, surely?

A race in which five giraffes took part was held recently in East Africa. We understand that in a photo-finish the one to arrive last had the consolation of being beaten by a neck only.



COOKERY CORNER

For Housewives Only

LES PATTES D'OURS GRILLEES

NOW is the time when we like to supplement our scanty meat allowance with something not on the ration, and what could be better for the purpose than the feet of our old friend Bruin properly cooked and daintily served, either on the occasion of a *partie carrée* when a couple of friends have been invited to dine, or merely as a surprise for our *caro sposo* on his return from the office?

The bear is a plantigrade mainly but not entirely herbivorous. We must not forget the lines in Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*:

"All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood"

—a typical scene even to-day in the Apennines; nor that Biblical episode when as many as forty and two children who had insulted the prophet Elisha by an allusion to his baldness were torn in pieces by two she-bears—no light reprimand and one too often forgotten by the lax-minded educational authorities of a later age.

So much for sentiment and zoology; back now to

the market place and the larder. In choosing a bear, avoid both the Grizzly, which has to be paid for in dollars and is unfit for human food, and the Arctic variety, which is said to taste of fish, though not more so in the opinion of many epicures than the whale—a common sight nowadays on our suburban breakfast tables.

Reject also those specimens which come from the farther side of the Iron Curtain. Concentrate rather on a good Pyrenean or Scandinavian animal which has been fattening itself for the winter sleep on the chestnut or the lemming as the case may be, and remember also that every bear has four feet. Only a very unscrupulous tradesman will attempt to foist a set of two or three on the unwary customer.

To prepare our delicacies for the table we must first skin, wash, scrape, and thoroughly trim them, each in turn, setting aside the claws to form a necklace, brooch, or other article of bijouterie which may well be worn on the night of the feast. It is now necessary to make

A MARINADE

For this take a reasonable quantity of carrot, onion, shallot, celery, garlic, parsley, black pepper, white pepper, red pepper, thyme, bay leaves, juniper, mace, rosemary for remembrance, and tarragon from Tarascon. Strew half the flora at the bottom of an earthenware bowl, repose on the couch the feet, repose on the feet the remainder of the herbs, pour upon the whole two litres of white wine, two litres and a half of vinegar, four decilitres of oil and, if obtainable, twelve grammes of fine grocer's salt. In such a mixture must remain for five days the extremities of our ursine friend. But time passes rapidly. Arise now from lethargy on the morning of the meal. Remove from their aromatic bath the paws. Cook for six hours in a braising vessel with white wine which has been seasoned with fennel and gillyflower. Extricate from their predicament the feet once more. Drain. Re-season. Deposit in a *grande terrine*. Re-pour the wine. Re-cook. Cool down. Heat up. Re-cool. Hélas! What have we here? A *gelée* finds itself formed in the bowl. Remove *les pattes* from *la gelée*. Divide into two portions each *patte*. Brush with oil. Batter with butter. Sprinkle with pepper. Crumb with crumbs. Re-batter with butter. Grill at a soft fire. Garnish with chrysanthemums. Serve shyly with *sauce poivrade*.

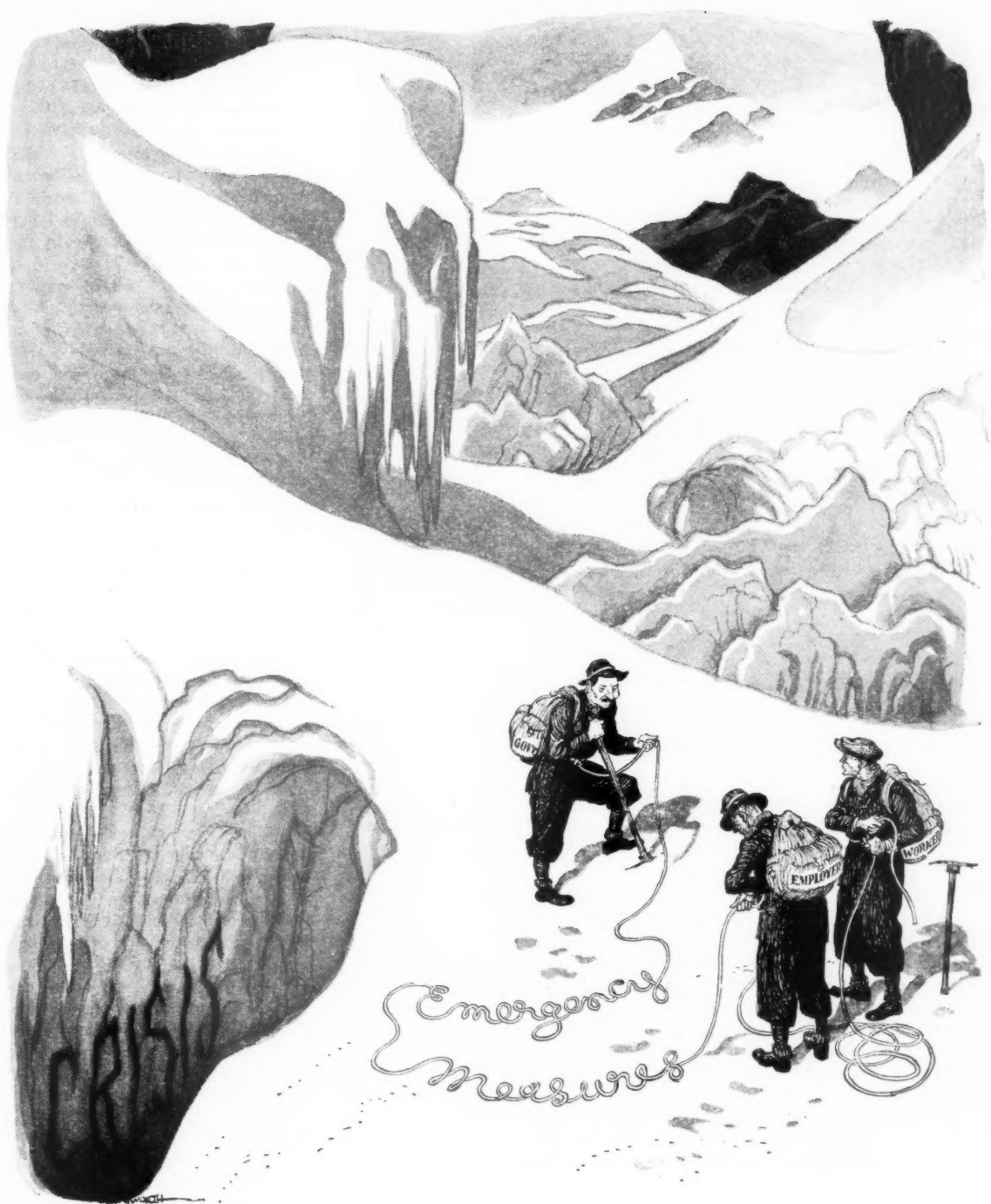
L'ENVOI

For the purpose of a less informal banquet, perhaps when the chief of our husband's department is the principal guest, it may be found convenient to procure a whole bear, the cooking of which becomes a more elaborate affair and must form the subject of a future article.

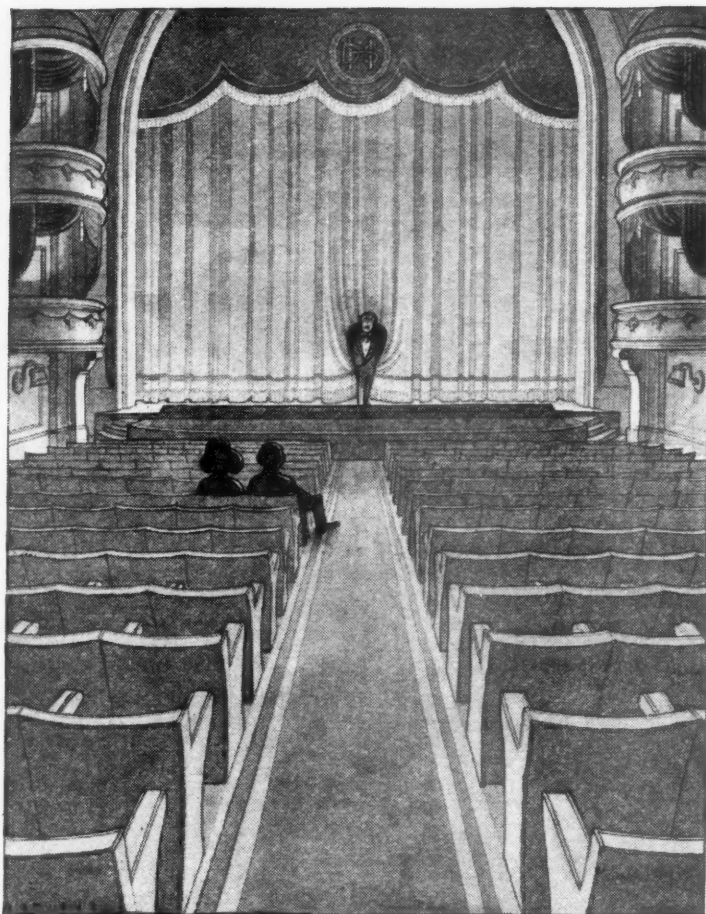
EVOE



"Why, Rawlings, fancy running into you!"



STRONG ENOUGH?



"... And if you've both enjoyed the show will you tell all your friends to tell all their friends to tell all their friends. That should just about fill the place."

THE MAN AT THE BAND

THE man and the two women were sitting stiff and upright on their chairs. They seemed to be in some difficulty in making up their minds what to do with their hands. "What we had to have these horrid old wooden chairs for," said the younger of the women, "I can't think."

"It's easy. There weren't any deck chairs," said the man.

"How many deck chairs are there here altogether, would you say?" the woman asked him.

"There aren't any empty ones," he said.

"I mean with people sitting in them."

"I've no idea," he answered.

"Make a guess."

He looked round speculatively.

"Two hundred?" he asked.

The answer seemed to put her in a situation to make the trick which she was after. She ignored the request for confirmation which was contained in it and said "Two hundred deck chairs, and there isn't one for us."

"Three," the man corrected her.

"All right," she agreed with him. "Two hundred deck chairs,

and there isn't three for us. Aren't," she added, looking at the man.

He shrugged his shoulders. "We should have got here earlier," he said.

"Why does it always have to be us who don't get deck chairs?"

"Is it?"

"Look at yesterday," the woman went on. "The beach littered with deck chairs, most of them standing empty, and us lying down on the shingle, practically up to our ears in tar."

"They weren't really empty. They only looked empty."

"There aren't two ways of a deck chair being empty."

"Whenever I went to get one they told me the person who it belonged to was in the sea and was coming back."

"Had they paid for it?"

"They said they had."

"Did you ask to see their tickets?"

The man seemed to be on the point of losing his temper. "No, I didn't," he told her. "They were laughing enough at me already, trailing all over the beach, and being sent on from one to another. If I'd started asking them things like that I'd have had them offering to show me their passports and identity cards or something. I'd have got in the local paper under the headline 'Officialdom on Holiday,' or something."

"That would be better than nobody knowing we're in the town except our landlady and the man who takes the money for these horrid wooden chairs. We'd better buy three to take home with us, and a sackful of shingle. By the time we've been here another week we won't be comfortable sitting on anything else. Mother wants to know what that funny-looking instrument is in the band, at the end there."

"Which instrument?"

"She says the one at the end there."

"Does she mean that long thing on a stand," asked the man, "with strips of metal on the top and sort of small organ pipes underneath, and the pipes get smaller and smaller as they go along towards the end?"

"I think that's what she means. Ask her."

"Do you mean that long thing on a stand," the man repeated, "with strips of metal on the top and sort of small organ pipes underneath, and the pipes get smaller and smaller as they go along towards the end?"

The woman said "Yes. You can see that's what she means. What is it?"

"I don't know."

"It's a xylophone," said a man four rows in front.

"What?"

"A xylophone."

"How do you spell it?"

"X-Y-L-O-phone like in telephone."

"Thanks. It's a xylophone," the man passed on the explanation.

"Tell mother," said the woman. "She's the one who wants to know."

The conductor stepped on to his rostrum, tapped the music-stand in front of him, then turned round to the audience. "Would the gentleman in the sixth row with the two ladies," he asked, his voice rising to a crescendo, "like to borrow the MICROPHONE?"

The woman looked at the man severely. "You're making too much noise," she told him.

"I have to. Otherwise mother wouldn't hear me."

"Well, you're annoying all these people." She looked across him. "Well," she said again, and she seemed to be surprised. "There are deck chairs empty on the other side of you."

The man agreed, "So there are. And on the other side of mother, too."

"You wonder why people come to these concerts, don't you?" the woman mused, reflectively. "They only seem to sit here five or ten minutes. Then they come over tired or something, and decide to go away."

"Exploring the Hut-Country with Betty, Michael, and the Hut-Man followed by Kirkintilloch Junior Choir." "Radio Times"

One at a time, dears.

CARRY ME BACK TO THAT COLOURED NIGHT

CARRY me back to that coloured night
When the Calf was not off-gold,
When glittering prizes beckoned bright,
When Blood was blue and the rest polite,
When maps were red and burdens white,
When faiths—and wars—weren't cold;

Before the dawn when Left was Might;
When we couldn't care more, not less;
When Progress blessed the Uphill Fight
To the pure, the sure, the gilded height;
When Poverty Deserved Its Plight
And the rich preserved success.

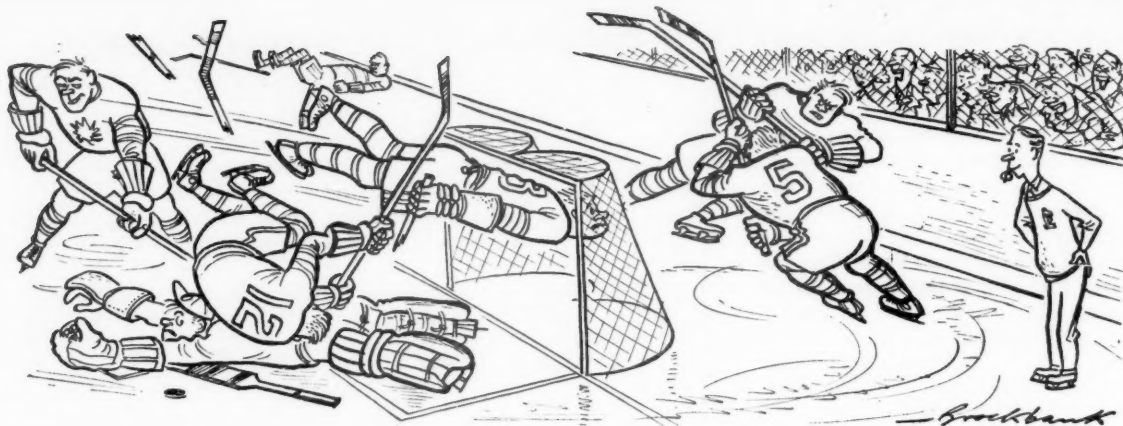
When Mankind had an appetite,
And Nature wore a frill;
When Rules were kept for What Was Right
And keeping what wasn't out of sight;
When Sin—and Saving—had a bit;
And the dentist cost a bill . . .

To the shade and light, to the Definite,
To the world hung downside down.
Carry me back to that painted night,
To the plush and the shuttered candle-light . . .
And let my mind be tucked up tight
And my Social Conscience drown.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



"This may hurt a trifle."



THRILLS! CHILLS! SPILLS! DYSPEPSIA!

Ice Hockey at Wembley

THE Wembley Lions' goal keeper, crouched before his little wire basket, looks like a sporting Daniel Lambert; he has half a water-butt rammed up his sweater, his legs are columns of leather, his catching-glove is the size of a coal-heaver's cape. But, even watching from the elevated security of a third-tier dining-table, we do not begrudge him these simple precautions: for three twenty-minute periods of play the puck, a flat rubber projectile like a dinosaur's cough-drop, will be belted at him from all angles by the Wembley Monarchs—and modern science has revealed that a well-belted puck strikes a good goal-keeper (that is, one who gets in the way instead of out of it) at about eighty-eight miles an hour; moreover, it is closely followed at slightly less than half that speed by the man who hit it, the men who tried to stop him, and the sticks, skates and other

equipment of all concerned. This miscellany lies on top of the goal-keeper until the referee gets there, which, if he has to come from the other end of the rink, may take all of six seconds.

The other players (there are six a side, but it is a fast game and their trick of being in several places at once makes for a full rink) wear next to nothing in the way of padding—just shoulder-pads, elbow-pads, kidney-pads, knee-pads, shin-pads and padded gauntlets; as it is illegal to raise a stick above the shoulder—this is obvious from the repeated incarcerations in the penalty-box for “high sticks”—nothing much can happen to one's head beyond intercepting an eighty-eight mile an-hour puck or getting ground into the ice under the sedentary weight of the opposition. The non-goalkeepers, in fact, have little to fear, and in the intervals between penalty-box banishments for ramming armoured elbows into their opponents' ribs, breaking a stick across their ankles, or knocking them silly against the boarded surround, are free to concentrate on the game. Since all the players are Canadians, this may seem a little dull to them; in the American-Canadian leagues, which range frontierless from Winnipeg to Philadelphia, Port Arthur to Buffalo and from which “British” teams are recruited, differences of opinion arising on the rink are settled at once, the parties discarding their sticks and gloves in a very sporting

fashion and wading in with Nature's weapons, the spectators loyally throwing pop bottles to indicate where their sympathies lie.

This is not allowed at Wembley. The referee—one notices belatedly and with unreasonable surprise that he is also on skates—points imperiously to the penalty-box, and the miscreants glide obediently away into their two minutes' exile, yet with a sort of resentful shamblé (you should try shambling on skates) as if their faith in justice has taken a hard knock. There is no sort of gambling over ice hockey, little or no idolatrous devotion to individual glamour, only the harmless and refreshing excitement of watching something extremely difficult done superbly well. There are eight thousand seats round the Empire Pool at Wembley, and except for a handful at a guinea they are all sold out to-night. Not all the enthusiasts are from London; there are coachloads from Bedford and



Luton; the loud-speaker in a neatly-spoken address welcomes a party of Park Avenue Methodists who have surprisingly arrived by special

train from Northampton; a Mr. Smallbones and his contingent, according to the announcer, are also here to roar their hearts out under this vast, unique cantilever roof.

Yes, there is roaring all right—and booing, and groaning, and hammering and stamping and yelling, and hiding the eyes at, say, a goal-mouth carnage from which it seems that only lifeless bodies can be salvaged; but the course of the game fluctuates as rapidly as the players themselves, and there are long spells when the eye, unable to keep pace, darts from point to point, always one move behind the play; a forward, hissing down the wing on a tidal flood of cheering, his skates



sparkling in the reflected lights, the puck skimming at the end of his stick as if magnetized, suddenly checks, swerves, shimmers and re-materializes thirty feet away; the cheering checks, swerves, shimmers with him, as sensitive as a well-tuned engine to the accelerator, and opens up deafeningly again as the opposing forward breaks through and gets away. These eight thousand are supporting both sides, are acclaiming the game itself.

The great mistake here at the Empire Pool is to try to watch ice hockey and eat dinner simultaneously. To this folly Mr. Punch's Artist and Mr. Punch's Ice Hockey Correspondent are, from the most hospitable of motives, committed.

Mr. P.'s A. is the one to suffer the keener pangs, both mental and gastronomical; he understands the niceties of the game, and this leads him to abandon his usually impeccable table-manners, muttering with his mouth full about deficient exhibitions of back checking, angrily chomping up a chicken-bone at the sight of a left-handed defenceman stranded on the right wing, hoarsely demanding the full weight of the law against a Monarch guilty of lying on the puck in the crease. At one stage he springs to his feet waving a forkful of runner beans and crying, "Oh! Oh! Oh!" Mr. P.'s I.H.C., who prides himself on a certain detachment in these matters, and beyond getting a good deal of onion sauce on his knife-handle has kept admirably calm, asks to have the crises explained to him for his readers' sakes. "Pass it, you prawn!" shrieks Mr. P.'s A., all sense of deportment lost—"Don't stand there like a —!" But there is a timely lull as someone is packed off to the penalty box, the clamour subsides like a switched-off vacuum-cleaner, and Mr. P.'s A. sits down, presently recovering himself sufficiently to point out that Mr. P.'s I.H.C. is still standing, and has his thumb in the potatoes . . .

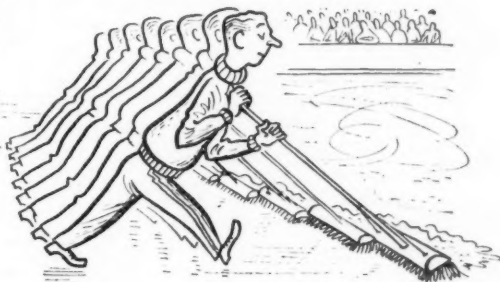
Yes, a great game this. The crowd roars, the artificial hoar-frost scuttles as the players twist and flash, the crowd boos, the lights beam, the ice glitters, the skates sparkle, the penalty-box fills and empties, the goalkeepers rise grinning from certain death, the crowd stamps and hammers . . . And, lest boredom should descend in the intervals between the play-periods, there are uncannily graceful exhibitions of mere skating, which attract only old-fashioned hand-clapping instead of moans and whistles. To console the lady skaters, no doubt,



bouquets are presented to them by a skating page-boy—a token of esteem not extended to any of the Lions or Monarchs. A favourite interval turn is that of the white-sweated, dark-trousered, shiny-shoed officials who stride on to the rink with Guardsman precision to sweep away the surface snow; there is something warmly pleasurable in seeing beauty made out of necessity; the choreography is splendid, and so is the geometry, as the pattern of the broom ballet develops in its calculated rectangles until the whole arena is swept and gleaming; it is doubtful whether a dozen men with road-brushes have ever earned applause such as that which bursts out as they form a disciplined single rank and march off to the rhythmic strains of "*Stea-di-lee-hee shou-houlder to shoul-der . . .*"

In short, an evening's ice hockey is one of the happiest ways of passing a few leisure hours; only one ingredient is lacking to make joy complete. And that? Bicarbonate of soda.

J. B. BOOTHROYD



Goodbank

AT THE PICTURES

Entre Onze Heures et Minuit—The Red Pony

USUALLY one's doubts, if any, about a French film are to the effect that perhaps one is hypnotized by the foreign language into thinking more of it than it deserves: that possibly, if all the characters were speaking English in familiar circumstances, the film would not seem specially well done. My feeling about *Entre Onze Heures et Minuit* (Director: HENRI DECOIN) might be called the converse of this: I believe that if it were in English people would be as enthusiastic about it as they are about *The Third Man*, and that the chief reason why no one has made a fuss of it is an obscure, grumbling notion that the French have no business to turn out something that is merely very well-made and entertaining.

It can't be pretended that this is more. It is a straight murder-mystery, with—admittedly this is important—LOUIS JOUVET: it conveys no Message, it touches no springs of emotion, it reveals no depth of character, it makes no technical advance. It's just plain enjoyable, and I wouldn't mind seeing it again. Is that bad?

On the whole it's light-hearted stuff. M. JOUVET plays a police detective who, when his double is murdered, finds out who did it by taking the victim's place and meeting his friends. The "double" situation—like any other situation involving an audience's knowledge of something of which some characters they watch are ignorant—is an unfailing mechanical device for producing laughter (observe it at its simplest in "Twenty Questions"); but there is very much more amusement in the piece than is aroused by this means. The customary French merits of pleasant visual design and convincing small-part playing are

in evidence throughout, and only the standard Hollywood-style ending is regrettable.

A week's delay has given *The Red Pony* (Director: LEWIS MILESTONE) a place on this page. It was

[*Entre Onze Heures et Minuit*]

Confusion's Masterpiece

Lucienne Lusigny—MADELEINE ROBINSON
Vidauban
Inspector Carrel } LOUIS JOUVET

shown in time to be in last week's article, and will have gone from the Plaza when these words appear; but among this week's lot the only item of importance is an Italian picture most of the country won't have a chance to see, and *The Red Pony* is certainly a cut above the rest. It

is a simple tale, in attractive Technicolor, on that theme many of us have grown to distrust: small boy's love for animal. Any groans excited by that news are not, in this instance, justified; JOHN STEINBECK's story is by no means the conventional playground for cheap emotion. The picture is done without sentimentality and its adult characters are much more than the usual obviously beaming or scowling types. To be sure there is a silver-haired grandfather; but he is an old bore whose chief pleasure is to repeat endless stories of how he led the pioneers across the plains, and LOUIS CALHERN makes genuinely touching his reluctant realization that nobody but the boy wants to listen to him. Up to a point, the piece may be taken, like *So Dear to My Heart*, as a soothing and relaxing bath of escape into the simple, easy-going rural past; this little Californian farm looks like a tempting place to live. What I would

emphasize is that the film also offers, if you want it, the chance to use your eyes and mind with critical appreciation.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Among the London programmes there's nothing very special, though the Academy's coupling of an interesting new Italian picture, *Pursuit*, with the twelve-year-old classic "tough" satire *Nothing Sacred* makes for a very miscellaneous evening. The new ones include a noisy but often funny Betty Hutton riot called *Red, Hot and Blue*, and an effectively-made bit of hokum about high-class (or big-time) gambling, *Any Number Can Play*.

Most enjoyable of the official releases is the Astaire-Rogers *The Barkleys of Broadway* (14/9/49). Don't forget *A Letter to Three Wives* (25/5/49) and *Kind Hearts and Coronets* (6/7/49). RICHARD MALLETT

[*The Red Pony*]

A Pony, Statant Gardant, Gules

Billy Buck—ROBERT MITCHUM; Tom—PETER MILES

THE COSMIC MESS

THIS column held its bi-weekly Press Conference at the Blue Moon. The first question was:

What is yours?

The usual—with water.

We should like, dear old column, to hear your views on certain aspects of the mess which you have made so famous. And, if possible, could you use a few new words? We are all so tired of the old ones.

Very well.

What is your policy on sterling?

I am for disvaluation, coupled with a liberatory trend.

Could you develop that?

Yes. Consider the fuss and fret that has been caused by the Chancellor's univocal revaluation announcement. One Government has fallen in France, and another looks pretty dicky not far away. All over Europe other Governments have had to make hasty but important reorientations of policy—

Excuse me, what was that?

Reorientations of policy. Indeed, the repercussions, reverberations and ordinary bangs may be described, perhaps, as planet-wide. Economico-politico-malaise (and indeed migraine) have been noticeable omnilaterally, even in the United States, which were thought to be devaluation-desirous.

It follows from all this that sterling is not without planetary importance. It follows, further, that an immediate instalment of disvaluation would have the effect of a psychologico-politico-reversal of the depressionary pressure. In other words, put the pound sterling up to \$3 to-morrow, and you would see stars. Falling governments would be stabilized, the workers would flock to mine and factory with a new pride and purpose, and manufacturers would rush madly into the export market. On November 5th I should put the pound up to \$3.10, and the whole delightful trend would begin again.

Why November 5th?

Well, it's a well-known day. It's the day we defy guys: and that should have a big politico-psychic effect in the factories.

What about the "liberatory

trend" to which you adverted? Do you believe in the floating pound?

Not wholly. That is to say, I should like to see the pound neither submerged nor floating but sturdily awash. I would do nothing to enable large masses of Apprehensive Capital to escape from the country. But I should permit the bona-fide British traveller, business or pleasure, to take and spend much more of his own money abroad. What could have a more denigratory effect on sterling than the sight of Britons unable to tip or painfully counting their small change in cafés? Besides, from the politico-financio-viewpoint, the Briton abroad, throwing his weight and his money about, has always been one of the fundamental prerequisites.

Prerequisites of what?

You know perfectly well what I mean.

Could you say anything about "full employment"?

It is a ludicrous phrase, betraying a ghastly misconception. A better expression would be "Full Remuneration". It cannot be the main aim of a progressive society that everyone should work all the time everywhere. Tell that to a "heathen Chinee" or "aboriginal Indian", and hear them laugh! No, the purpose of Progress, the justification of Parliaments, is to produce a state of more and better Leisure. If, through our misfortune or folly, we have to work harder just now to get it, it cannot be helped: but the

glorification of general toil, as such, is retrogressive and pretty feudal. Are we living in a bee-hive?

Passing from the economic scene—have you any theatrical plans?

Yes, I am writing a play on the American Way of Life. It is a Sot-and-Slut play in the familiar vein. Every character in the piece is a sot, slut, murderer or maniac; all are neurotic, erotic, paranoiac, schizophrenic, or just mephitic. Some are white trash, some trashy whites, others brown dregs, and the rest mixed muck. The action takes place in a ruined pigsty, where they all live with a very old pig, who is the only decent character in the play. How they manage to get as drunk as they do is not quite clear, for nobody has any money: but there is always plenty of liquor, cocaine, and newspapers. A great many babies are born, but nobody cares. They go out into the mangrove swamp and live on the eggs of alligators—or not. The whole thing shows that life is awfully unfair. Finally the pig goes mad: but nobody notices. That is the tragedy.

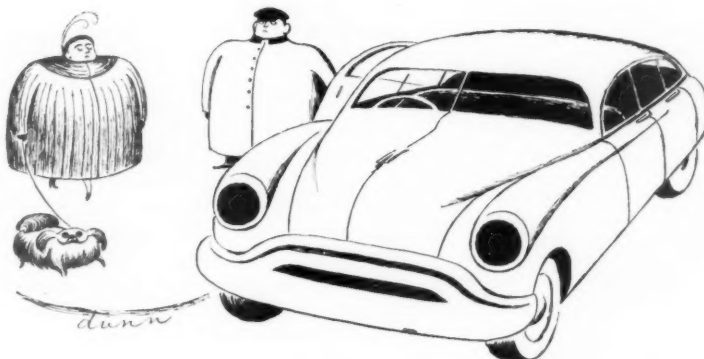
The play will be presented, of course, under cultural auspices, and no entertainments tax will be charged.

A. P. H.

"Woman wanted, young, for bar work, hotel near Manchester; good home; must be honest; or one willing to learn."

Irish Press

We'll look in when the training is complete.



DRINKS IN DURBAN

"CURIOUS that Eldritch should have happened to mention Durban," said Theodore, fixing me with a reminiscent eye. "Only just now, in my bath, I was thinking of the little matter of the champagne cocktails."

"You mean," I said, "the one I was kind enough to buy you in the Durban Club? Thank you, Theodore; I am touched."

"One is surprised," Theodore inquired ungenerously, "to hear of Eldritch feeding anyone on champagne cocktails?"

"He didn't know then that he was going to have you for a brother-in-law," said Hereward from behind *The Times*.

Despite this minority opposition Theodore seemed to think that his stupid and quite pointless little story would go well with the others, and proceeded without invitation to tell it. Stripped of the wealth of embroidery and irrelevant detail with which he thinks to make it amusing, and which would bore the reader as thoroughly as a death-watch beetle, it amounts simply to this:

One day early in 1941, when we were travelling abroad for the Government, Theodore and I went ashore together at Durban, that hospitable city, from the good ship *Golden Buttonhook*. After a month in a blacked-out troopship it was like fairyland, and I suppose one must have been carried away a little by the absence of sandbags and sirens. It is difficult to know how otherwise to account for my eccentric action in the Durban Club, where it is a fact that I offered Theodore a champagne cocktail. Naturally he was pleased,

even eager, to accept. By way of payment I laid down a ten-shilling note with the air of one who has several more somewhere if he cared to bring them out, and waited for the change. Luckily I actually did have two or three more tucked away somewhere and was able to bring them out. One hardly likes to inquire the price of a drink before ordering one for a friend, so I could not fairly complain when I found that I had bought the whole bottle. Memory is perhaps at fault, but my impression is that champagne in South Africa at that time was about the price of a bottle of whisky in post-war England—but not, unfortunately, so difficult to obtain. Any way you look at it, it was a remarkably costly drink, even though I did not know that Theodore would one day be my brother-in-law.

By the time he had got this far in the tale Theodore had managed already to puff the thing out into the semblance of something from the less reliable reminiscences of Baron Munchausen.

"It was rash," said Auguste, sympathetically, "very rash. But I quite see how it could happen."

"Thank you, Auguste," I said. "But can you also see why Theodore, who benefited so handsomely from my generosity, finds the incident amusing? One would have thought that good taste alone, if nothing else..."

"The curtain is now lowered," said Theodore, quite lost in the flood of his own oratory, "to denote the passage of time, and we find ourselves in the King Edward Hotel, some twenty-four hours later. A small but select company, of which I am one, is discovered seated in comfortable chairs and engaged in intelligent and congenial talk, when there enters the soldierly figure of Captain Spoonhandle. Well, anyway, Eldritch. He approaches. He greets the company. He sits down. He has timed his entrance to a nicety, arriving at the exact moment when a waiter is delivering a round of drinks."

"Pure chance," I explained.

"I'm sure it was," said Alexandrina. "I don't believe a word of it."

She has been married to Theodore long enough by now to have lost a good many illusions.

"I find myself," her husband continued unabashed, "in the rôle of host and offer Eldritch a drink. He looks round at the inexpensive and innocuous tipples in which the rest of us are indulging, leans back in his chair, lets his belt out a hole and says, without so much as a 'Please,' 'I'll have a large champagne cocktail.'"

"Naturally it is as impossible to deny the justice of the request as it is not to dislike the offensive manner in which it is made, so I place the order without demur."

"He did," I admitted. "In those days a faint spark of decent feeling glowed occasionally."

"Then the story ends happily after all?" said Gloriana.

"You bet it does," Theodore agreed warmly. "The waiter brought the drink and Eldritch thanked me for it in a way that I can only describe as smug. He was then offered the bill. I wish I could describe the lordly manner in which he waved it away. 'My friend will pay,' he said. I remember the very words. I also remember the words of the waiter, which in their way were historic. He said: 'I'm sorry, sir; I'm afraid the no-treating order is in force in this hotel. Everyone is required to pay for what he has.'"

"You mean poor Eldritch had to pay again?" said Gloriana. "Well, I think it's a shame."

"Pay for it!" said Theodore. "From the way he treasured that drink and sipped it a bubble at a time, you'd have thought he was drinking liquid gold."

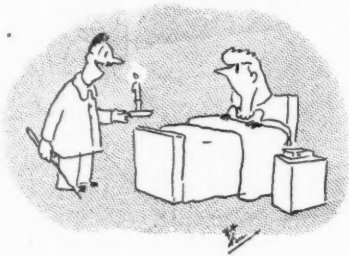
"I apologize," I said, "for introducing this person into the family. What is to be done with such meanness?"

Hereward spoke.

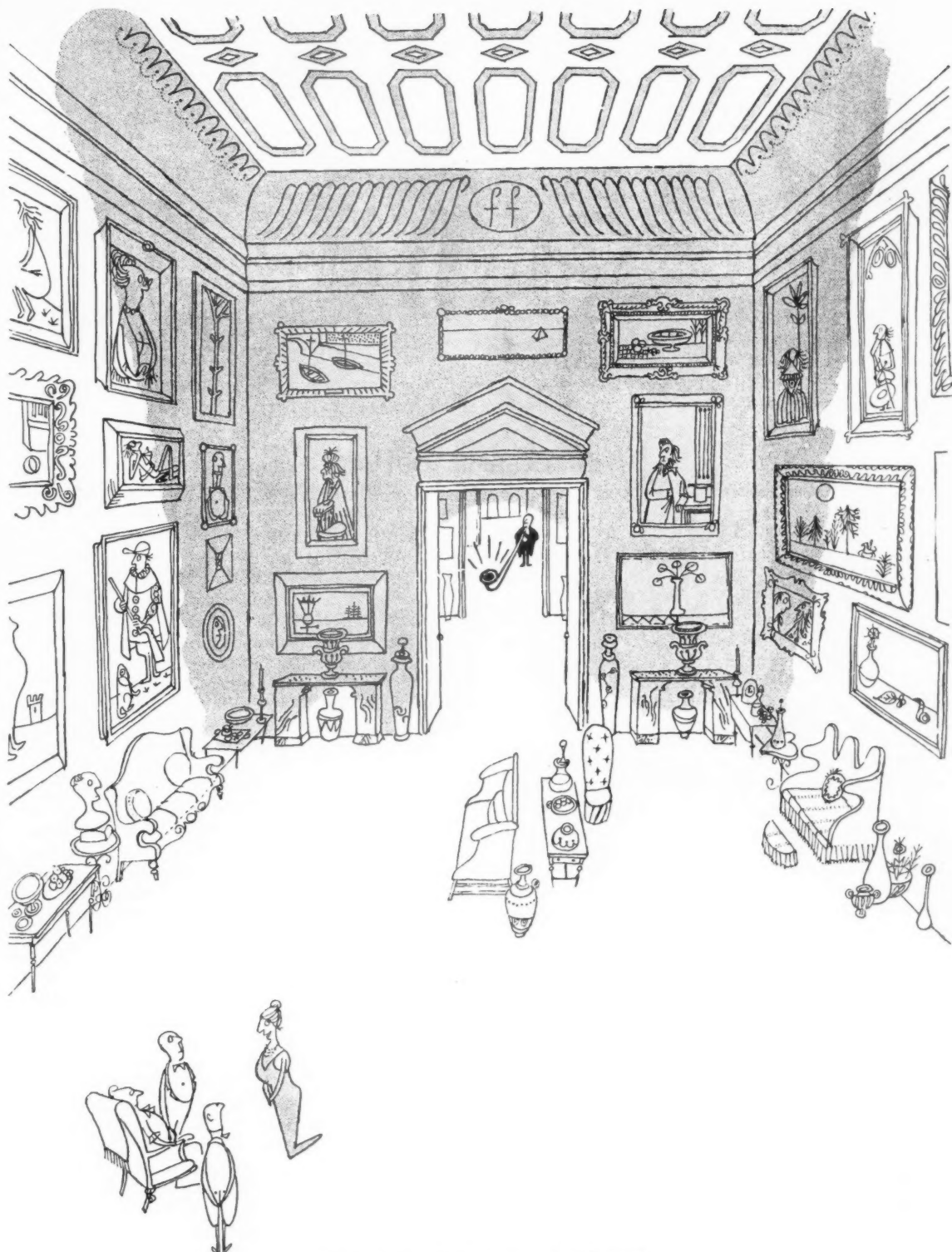
"Publish the story," he said.

"Then, whenever you hear Theodore trying to tell it, you can produce a copy and say he cribbed it."

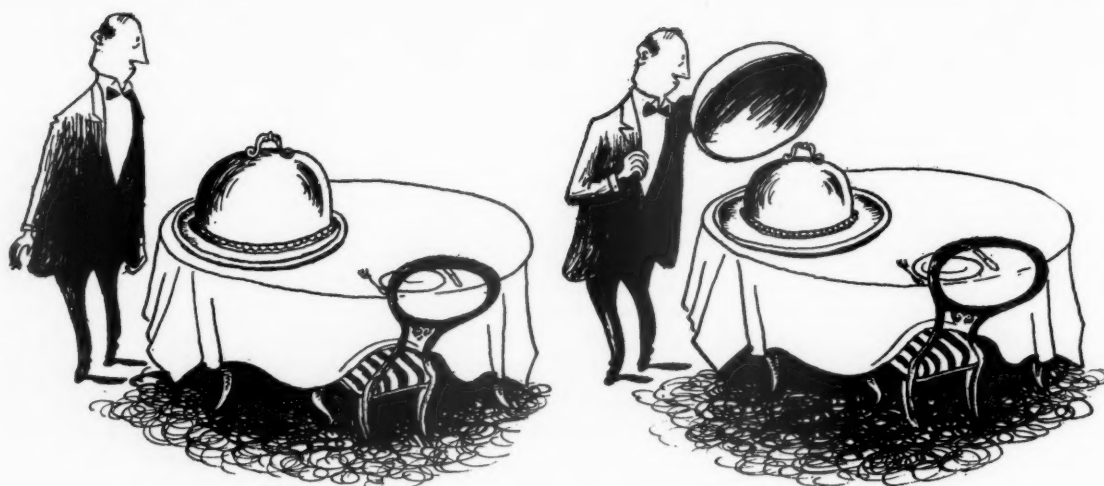
So here it is.



"No, it wasn't a burglar—just a poltergeist."



"Ah, there's Carson announcing dinner."



UNSUCCESSFUL OUTING

I DREAMED that a spectacled balloonist was urging me to come up out of my Ivory Tower and that I was defending my affection for it on the ground that caries had made it a picturesque ruin. I awoke, as one does, and decided that perhaps I really ought to see something of life at close quarters. Where, though, should I go? I feared to be away too long lest the opalescence of my mind might deteriorate; it would have to be quite a short visit, half a day at the most. I tossed a coin, which came down heads. I had forgotten to attach meanings to the symbols; it is unusual to do so in Literature and I had forgotten things were different in life. It seemed as if I should have to make the effort of tossing all over again, when I noticed a headline in the local paper about Horley, a nearby town whose name I had often heard called upon the loud-speakers with which our railway station is so untriumphantly hung. It seemed, then, that Horley held the revelation.

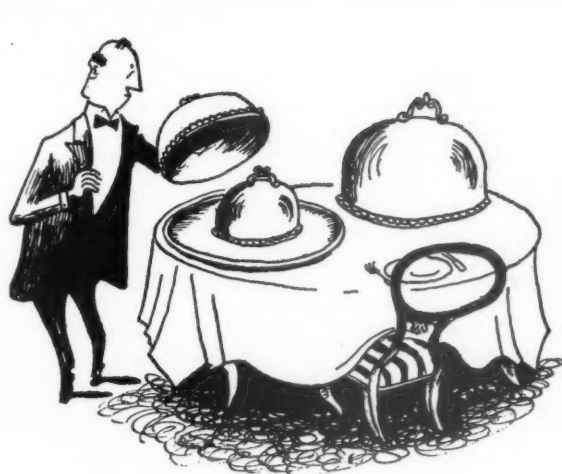
The township lies in a flat bit, I noticed with a topographical precision I really had not thought myself capable of. No doubt this explains why there are a racecourse and an airfield next door. It could hardly be chance, could it? I was most surprised to find that it was in Surrey, a county of which I had never been aware when going from Sussex to London but only when going from London to Leith Hill. These lapses are invaluable to the creative worker. Horley is not perhaps very completely in Surrey. To a sensitive mind it might seem in the fuzzy borderlands; map-drawers are not sensitive and their frontiers have length but no breadth.

In the main street I stood a-quiver with expectant sensibility, vainly searching the faces of the housewives for lust, hate and anger. I pitied them their contamination from the slow stain of our time, which a mask of superficial briskness and gaiety hid from the badly-read. I looked at the ordinary little town, newish, suburban,

preoccupied, and felt baffled, never a productive emotion. The shops, shoppers, perambulators and offices had little to distinguish them. I alone was a fully synthesized adult amid the anonymity of Mass Civilization. Unlike the Village Community, in which of course every bench, table, loaf and haystack was completely individual and expressive, the modern town is termitic. The drab uniformity of the women's dress is but one evidence of this.

Long, leafy roads led outwards from the shopping centre to the plain, their shrubberied houses hiding private and atomized lives still warped and stunted by unhappy childhoods and a guilty responsibility for the human situation. I felt rather mortified that I could not by personal observation add confirmatory facts to this diagnosis. Travel does require so much to be taken on trust, and not being able to see what one knows to be there makes one feel so inadequate. I turned from the inhabitants of the houses to their architecture. My impression that the buildings of Horley were predominantly post-mediaeval grew in the course of the afternoon to the impression that they were predominantly post-Regency. My attempts to narrow it down further failed. Those twin villas of shiny, yellow brick banded in red—surely they carried their date in their style. Hesitantly I attributed them to the aftermath of the Great Exhibition, encouraged by uncertainty how long an aftermath could last.

Frustrated, I entered a pub. It was only partially a pub in the usual sense. It gleamed, certainly, and you could get drinks there. There was, however, no seedy ex-public schoolboy with vacuum cleaners, no girl in slacks with poise but no homelife, no bitter little man in a mackintosh fingering the gun in his pocket. When I asked where the Church was, a voice behind a partition said, "Sunk in the miasmas of the Middle Ages," an attitude I hastened to note down, underlining it twice to show how significant it was. Rather



doubtfully I was directed to the other end of the town, where the shingle spire looked unattractively unrestored. I sighed for the absent hand of Sir Gilbert Scott. Within, instead of the encaustic tiles, the delicious hassocks and Gothic Revival poker-work I hoped for, there was only a knight's tomb, a curious open gallery for the bell-ringers, and some brasses. I cannot remember offhand whether Hardy is being read this year—if so the gallery was just the place for some of his fruitiest rustics. I slunk through the churchyard, hoping to catch sight of a mad clergyman stalking me behind the gravestones, fire burning through the ice of his benevolence, or even of a gnomish half-wit muttering runes over a dead bird, *vieux jeu* as it would have been. Normality lay over the scene like a pall.

Beside the Church was an Inn—nestling, I regret to say. It claimed to date from A.D. 827, a period which arouses no vibrations in the modern consciousness. It had a low-timbered ceiling and the bottles shone and glowed in a way that after several hours' thought I can only describe as jolly. A friendly black dog took an uncomplicated interest in my sandwich. One was not at one's best.

As I walked back through the town those feelings of nausea which we who think and feel find so invaluable evaded me. Eupepsia threatened and I fled back to my Ivory Tower, back to the tarnished mirror and the nerve-spun web. It took several days of coffee, aspirin, fumes from the gasfire and dust from between the pages of cherished books before I could resume my cosy contemplation of civilization's doom.

R. G. G. PRICE



Impending Explosion

"The Mayor brought with him the miniature silver oar, the insignia of his office, and it was displayed at dinner with the varied barges of the sailing club."—"Liverpool Daily Post."



"Psychoanalyst, sir?"

TRAIN CALL

I'M third from the left in the chorus
Of a vaudeville tour, for my pains;
And I spend every Sunday in transit
On a series of loitering trains;
And I feel
I've been calling
For year after year after year
At Epsom Downs, Fishguard and Deal,
Abingdon, Acton, West Malling,
Mill Hill, Chipping Norton, High Wycombe and Beer.

We start off from Stroud at eight-thirty
On a long day of peregrinations
And before we reach Glasgow at midnight
We see hundreds and hundreds of stations.
But we still
Get the same
Old slot-machines, milk-churns and cans,
At Faversham, Cromer, Snow Hill,
Newcastle, Truro and Thame
St. Ives, Castle Ashby and Lytham St. Annes.

You never stop more than ten minutes
So you can't reach a pub or hotel.

You're trapped in a horrible horse-box,
In a steam-engined, train-whistled hell.
Like a new
Kind of gaol,
Or being imprisoned in sieges,
At Durham, Stoke Junction and Looe,
Kettering, Leeds, Ebbw Vale,
South Shields, Portobello, Sheerness, Bognor
Regis.

And when I at last kick the bucket,
And they ring down my life's final curtain,
They'll send me back home to North London;
But there's one thing that's perfectly certain—
On the way
Back to Highgate
My funeral cortège will wend
Through Wigan, Llandudno, Herne Bay,
Salisbury, Manchester, Reigate,
Long Eaton, New Cross, Haywards Heath and
Bridgend.

And the last thing my coffin will do
Is—get lost for six weeks in a siding at Crewe!

MY NEW CAR

IN March 1947 my Unbeatable Nine suddenly began to consume great quantities of oil and I decided that it would be wise to order a new car. I had had my Unbeatable for about eleven years, and feeling that in this time the world would expect me to have improved my position, at any rate to the extent of a horsepower, I boldly ordered a Remarkable Ten. About six months ago I made an attempt to find out when it would be delivered.

I was received by a suave salesman with a flashing smile and a little yellow waistcoat with buttons set close together which upset me very much. He laughed heartily at my suggestion that the car might be delivered in two or three months, and he made the very idea sound so ludicrous that I felt impelled to join him, though not perhaps with the same abandon. I must confess that I came away a good deal disheartened.

Some weeks ago I decided to renew my inquiries, this time by letter. My Unbeatable was now pouring out such volumes of smoke that I found it well-nigh impossible to reverse, and I felt that I had little time to lose. The thing to do, I saw clearly, was to write a letter so packed with charm as to be irresistible; but unfortunately I doubted my ability to write such a letter.

By a lucky chance I happened to remember that I had in my possession a little volume entitled *Bookman's Holiday*, an anthology collected by Mr. Holbrook Jackson. This contained, among other literary tit-bits, a large number of extracts from the letters of famous writers, and I felt that if I could make use of parts of these I might put together a little note which would predispose the sales manager in my favour. My intention was not to adapt and modify (it is pretty hopeless to fiddle about with charm) but to take whole sentences and use them unaltered.

I found great difficulty in selecting sentences which were in any way suited to my purpose. A great many were quite hopeless—for example: "I believe you had better

choose me a pair of winter trousers . . . wide enough, long enough; not too heavy, and of a dim colour." It was pretty obvious that a cool request for a pair of trousers would bring me no nearer to my Remarkable; nor would the volunteering of unsought confidences such as "In my time I have drunk bottled beer with Algernon Charles Swinburne." A little better was "I conjure thee, Jack, to watch over thy health as the most precious of earthly things," but I could not help thinking that a touchy man might consider that I was taking something of a liberty.

For a time I hesitated over a paragraph which began "I promised you a glass of wine one day, and you must let me redeem my promise by sending you these half a dozen bottles"—and ended "Don't answer this note, but nod your acknowledgments over the next glass of wine we drink together." The note of charm was certainly strong here, but the first part of the passage set me wondering how much I really needed a Remarkable Ten, and as for the last, I felt that the sales

manager might well drink my wine and then shirk a meeting through uncertainty as to the precise gesture required of him.

At last I came upon something which seemed to me full of whimsical charm without being irrelevant or offensive, and in a few moments I had begun my letter.

"DEAR SIR (I wrote)—I have brought my paper and pencil and some books into a field and find myself glad to say nothing to you—and that one's friend is there to say nothing to is next best to his being there to say anything to—"

I was racking my brains for some quaint and airy phrase with which I could introduce the subject of my Remarkable Ten, when someone rushed in from the next room with the news that the pound had been devalued.

I have no wish to air my views on the subject of the probable effect of this measure on the rate of delivery of new cars, but I must confess that I immediately tore up my letter and went out to the garage to grease my Unbeatable Nine.

T. S. WATT



"Is there any evidence to support this rumour that one of the cleaners has won thirty thousand in a football pool?"

CART GELDING: FIRST PRIZE

GRACEFUL on green turf curvetting, the grey gelding, glinting with brazen lustre, swings his panoply in harnessed play, torqued with the sun-gold of his brasses' clasp. Pastern bearded, withers wide, terret-top belling and elf-bolt shining, knotted colouring the cropped mane lining, burns his breath with an ancient pride:

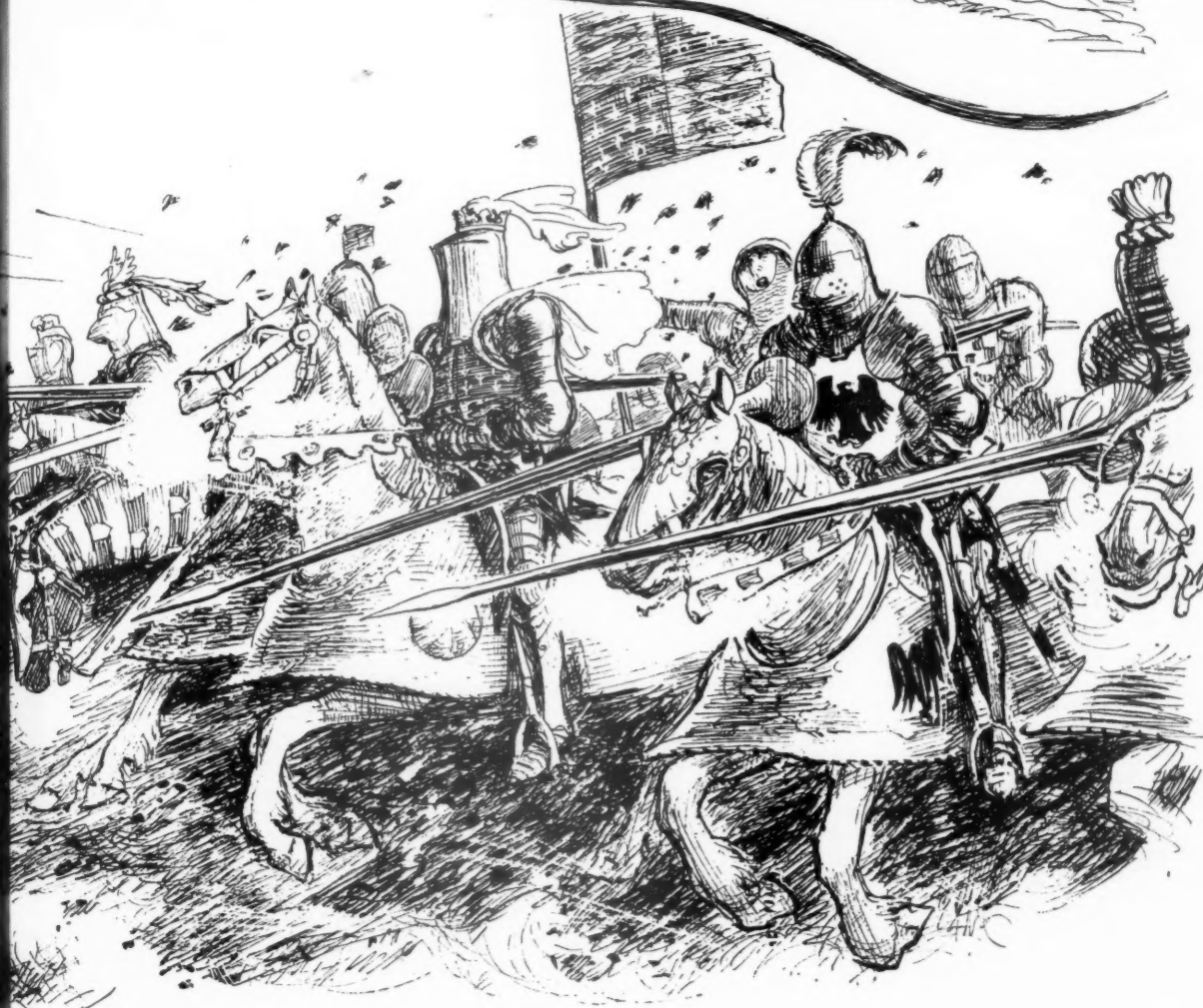
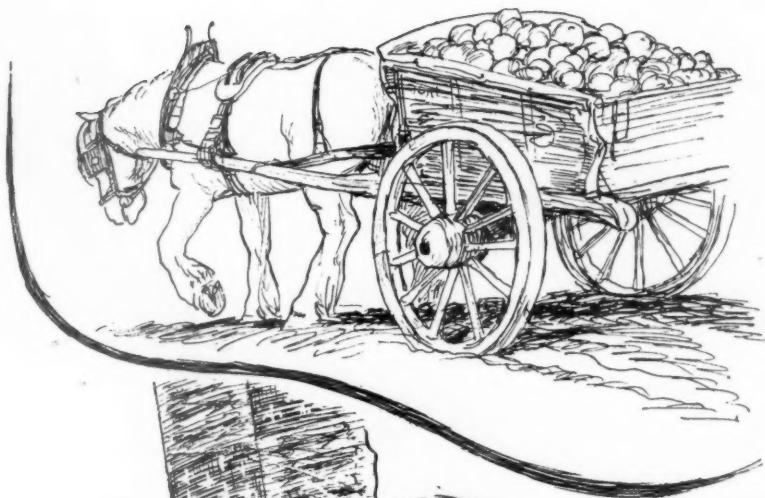
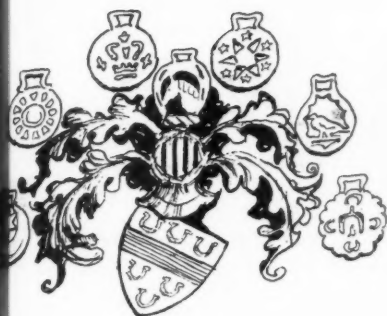
distant days when the broad back bore, armoured, caparisoned, the weight of war: crinet and chamfron, flanchard, cuissard and peytrel gleaming; and the lance-shank set gorget and aventail, habergeon, swing of mail, pauldron, salade and soleret; crests of Crécy, Hexham's heaumes, banners of Bosworth, Poitiers' plumes!

Masked with the cart-bridle, marked with moons eyeing the sun with plaque-round stare; flowered with ribbon, jaunting with tunes struck from the jangling harness-wear; full haunch dappled, fetlock firm, proud with power, in the day delighting, triumph he tastes, the strong hoof smiting, careless of the curb for an hour's bright term.

Withers weighed on the rutted road, nostrils strained with the lumbering load: tamed to-morrow will the shafts contain strength of shoulder, massive flank; humbly through the lane will the rein again jog the head to the fellies' clank. Yet may the hoof-plod, the axle groan, hold the murmur of the marching and the trumpet



RIZE
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"Yes, you really feel the season's over when they start packing up the attractions."

AN UNPLEASANT CHARACTER

I HAVE met a good many unpleasant characters in my time, but the one I found in a pub the other night taking the chinks stands alone.

The man who takes the chinks for a game of darts has an arduous and responsible position, being expected to display lightning calculation, unambiguous calligraphy and strict impartiality. This old man, by sheer, doddering ineptness, contrived to ruin what would otherwise have been an impressive four, and when he had finally reduced each party to trying for double-one with shaken nerves and shaking darts, he settled back to his beer with a chuckle of contentment.

"Don't like 'em," he told me, quite gratuitously. "Thought I'd muck up their game for 'em."

"You succeeded," I said.

"Ope so, 'ope so!" He looked intently at his mug, tapped his pipe out over it so that a quantity of ashes settled into the beer, and shuffled to the bar to complain. "Don't like the landlord, either," he told me, when he had returned to my unwelcoming side with a fresh pot.

"Is there anybody here you *do* like?" I asked coldly.

"Can't say there is, praise be! There's much more fun out o' disliking people than liking 'em."

"What sort of fun?"

"Oh—badgering and worriting

'em. Like Mrs. Crooks—don't like 'er!"

"How do you badger and worrit Mrs. Crooks?"

"Oh, nailed a TEAS PROVIDED notice on the tree, bottom of 'er garden. Drove 'er mad, the folks who come to her door during the fine weather. Days afore she found that board. Not much in that, though. Not like Mrs. Colley—proper game I've got on with 'er."

"Who's Mrs. Colley?"

"'Long at the post-office. Sub-postmistress. What an old nosey-parker! Can't stick 'er! Just a minnit."

He shuffled to the bar again and quickly transposed two pint-mugs, one almost full, one almost empty,

whose owners had turned to watch the darts. He waited like a gloating spider in the corner of its web until he had seen a satisfactory argument start up. Then he got back to Mrs. Colley.

"Posted a postcard a fortnight ago, I did. 'I never heard anything so extraordinary,' I said on my card. 'Can hardly believe it of Ted. Write and let me know more.' Mrs. Colley, she's gone white-'aired sorting through the mail coming to 'er office looking out for something for Tom Penny, Peartree Cottage, and she's 'aunted with the fear she's missed it."

"Who did you send the card to?"

"Somebody who don't know my address and can't answer back, you bet. A woman I used to sell eggs to in Stroud. Puzzle 'er, it will. Don't like 'er!"

"And who's Ted?"

"'Er 'usband. Don't like 'im. 'Arf a moment."

A man had taken out a cigarette and laid it on the bar while he patted his pockets to locate matches. The old man sidled forward and deftly flicked the cigarette into a small pool of beer.

"Newspapers is my favourite, though. I sends off 'undreds of newspapers to folks I don't like."

"Does that badger and worrit them?"

"'Course it do. I don't mark 'em, see. Drives 'em stark-staring, going through an' through that paper about a thousand times to see why it's been sent to 'em. PRIVATE signs is good fun, too. Stick one up at a stile, and 'ikers goes miles out of their way trying to get to the other side."

"You don't like hikers?" I guessed.

"Can't 'bide 'em."

"I can't think why you come to this pub, if you dislike everybody here," I said.

"It annoys 'em," he said, standing up to go.

"Good night," I said with restraint.

"Don't want it to be a good night," he said. "I want it to rain. Some of the chaps 'ere, they've got a smartish long walk 'ome."

I remained in the pub until closing-time. On my way back to where I was staying, I passed Peartree Cottage. I am not normally schoolboyish, but I think most people would have felt it was up to them to make some small return in kind. I knocked at the door until an upstairs window was thrown open.

"What do 'ee want?" came a disagreeable grunt.

"Is that Mr. Tom Penny?"

"Aye."

"Mr. Penny, there was a telephone-call for you at the pub just after you'd gone." Not very bright, I admitted to myself, but good enough to keep him wondering for a while. "He wouldn't leave a name—just said it was very important. Good night."

"Wait a moment. I'll come down to 'ee."

I did not go to the pub the next evening, but I had the misfortune to meet the old man in the street. He stopped.

"Did 'ee go along to Peartree Cottage last night with some cock-and-bull yarn?" he asked me.

"Yes," I admitted.

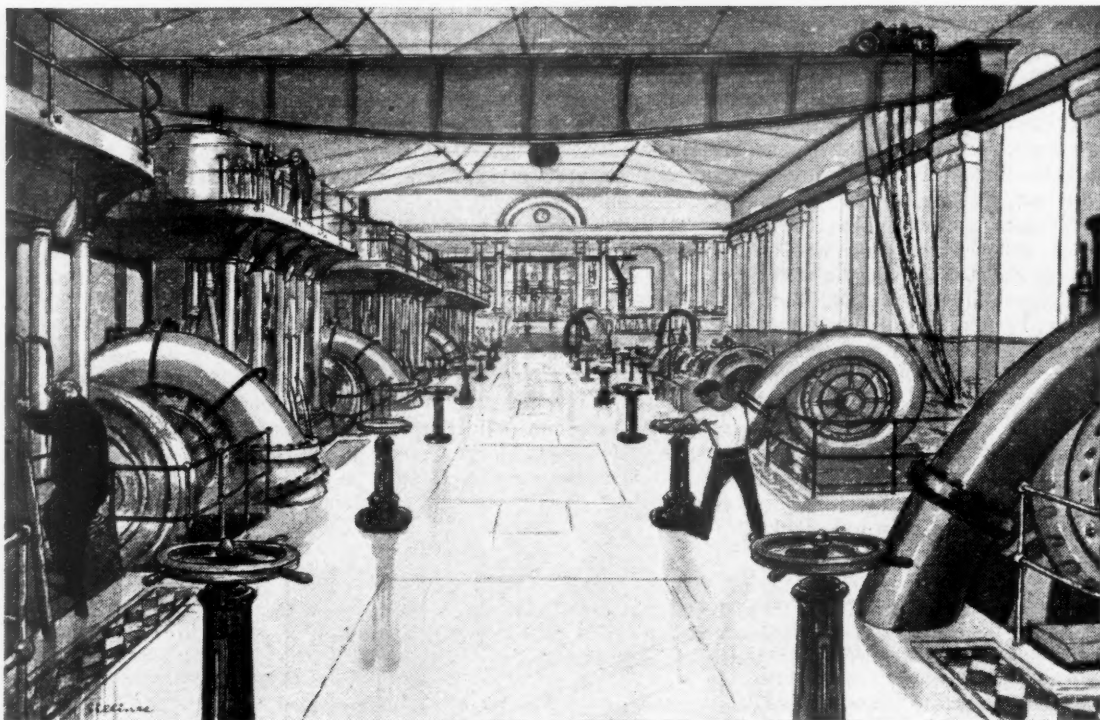
"Thought 'ee would. Strangers generally do after I been talking to 'em. Old Tom Penny don't 'alf get wild. Good thing, too. Don't like 'im. 'E's taken to coming down and busting 'em on the nose, lately. Did 'e come down and bust you on the nose?"

"Yes," I growled.

"Good!" said this unpleasant character. "I don't like you."



"Twelve stone dead last time. Now we'll see whether that blighter's short-weighted me on my potatoes."



SWEETE WATERS

IN Thomas à Becket's time, we are told, the City of London was served with "sweete and fresh waters" from the clear Thames, from springs in the northern suburbs and from "diverse fayre welles in everie streete and lane of the citie." The work of the Metropolitan Water Board has been to recapture and maintain that limpid abundance for the six and a half million of us they serve, and to expand it for our constant increase in numbers and cleanliness. Londoners use a fifth more, per head, than they did before the war—and about half as much as New Yorkers.



In the Corporate Age it was the city fathers who, as the needs grew, laid the lead pipes from Tyburn,

tapped the springs of Hampstead and built the conduit-heads from which the Brotherhood of the Waterbearers carried the water to the homes. The Era of Private Enterprise was remuneratively inaugurated by a Mijnheer Morris, who in 1581 leased an arch of London Bridge for a half-millenary, put a water-wheel under it, and let the Thames look after the turnover. His grandson netted £38,000—at Queen Anne parity—in turning it over to the London Bridge Waterworks, to whose heirs and assigns Londoners will continue paying £3,750 a year till 2081 (see lease above). Sir Hugh Myddelton achieved his baronetcy by making a New River from Hertfordshire to the head office of the Metropolitan Water Board at New River Head, Rosebery Avenue, E.C.1, where the inheritance of his and the many other private undertakings that tried to keep pace with the hygroscopic Wen

is now cultivated with unclouded altruism; since 1902 your water has had no profit in it.

The huge, busy, handsome and luminously clean headquarters of the Board are, however, little concerned with history. There are in the great hall some specimens of the gnarled hollowed elm logs which, socketed into each other, were the "mains" that served London, not, as their rotted crudity impresses you, in pre-Roman days, but right down to the reign of good Queen Victoria; and also some of the stone pipes, intended as an improvement upon them but found to be unserviceably porous. All other exhibits at New River Head are of the present and future—in the form of those pellucid charts which one hurriedly says one understands to avoid risking a remark which would lay bare one's pitiful inability even to begin to grip what 800,000,000 gallons of water or anything else amount to.

The Deputy Chief Engineer laboured with me devotedly; but for all his enthusiasm and clarity failed to widen my vista beyond the petty personal scale of the hot-water tank at home. This I know to contain fifty gallons. This I can visualize. And while hundreds of millions of gallons rushed daily over Teddington Weir into 8,400 (I think) miles (I believe) of mains in Mr. Davies' selfless exposition, I was pathetically converting them into hot baths and even tumblers-full, two sentences astern of station. This, however, was essential if I was to attempt an even dimly coherent account of your water supply—this, and a tour of the reservoirs and works at Walton—one of the Board's lesser establishments, merely capable of watering, say, Manchester and Liverpool combined.

My hot-water tank, by a fortunate coincidence, holds exactly the fifty gallons that is the daily average consumption per head of the Board's population. Three-quarters of this is for domestic uses—which, having lived aboard a yacht on two gallons a day for all purposes, strikes me as incredibly luxurious. Of this average tankful, the Thames supplies two-thirds, the River Lee and wells in the Kent chalk looking after the remainder. In times of drought (and, most surprisingly, in very hard frosts—when mains burst) the fifty gallons goes up to nearer seventy and the Board's anxieties begin. At Teddington only the emergency minimum is let flow into the tidal waters below to sweep London's sewage out to sea; above the Weir only a third of what you

are using can be taken from the low river and all the remainder must come from the vast but receding store in the Thames Valley reservoirs. The sixty-six elected Members of the Board have now a simple equation to solve; they divide the stock in the reservoirs by your daily consumption and add the expected rainfall over the next few months. As the last factor is a pretty piece of whimsy and as the penalty of an over-estimate is your dying horribly of thirst, dirt and cholera combined, the Board lean to conservatism. And that is why the garden hose is turned off betimes—then only your garden dies horribly.

At Walton the whole cycle of intake, storage, purification and delivery can be seen if not under one roof at least in under one hour.



From the nearby Thames the water flows willingly along a deep canal to the crypt of the engine-cathedral (or pumping-station). The conch-like pumps then seize it violently and gush it out, looking like lentil soup, into the high and deep reservoirs where for a month it slowly circulates, while nine-tenths of its impurities subside and the little fish which came in with it try to work out what hit them. After this nice rest it comes out again (via the Gazebo, Folly or Valve-house in the picture) through some deep little



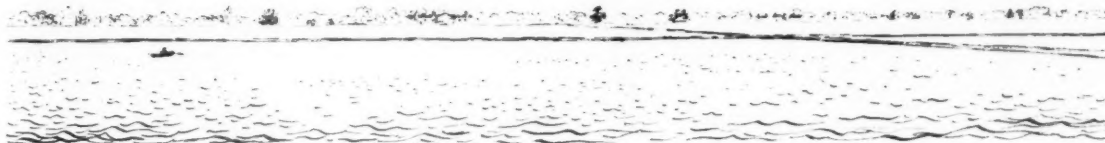
swimming-baths called Primary Filters, into children's boating-ponds called Secondary Filter-Beds, where it soaks past sand and gravel for the afternoon before going, lightly chlorinated, to even more violent pumps

which ram it into 48-inch mains and drive it into the arteries and capillaries of the System. In the filter-beds nearly all the remaining tenth of its impurities have been trapped by the sand—or rather by a film with which each sand particle surrounds itself. Nature, almost unassisted, having now taken 5,995 microbes out of your half-pint tumbler, the surviving pitiful five succumb to chlorine—and your *eau* is the most *potable* in the world. All for fourpence a ton.

It has been widely held by a succession of English poets that laving, lapping, murmuring water balms the soul of man, and there is no doubt that this influence is felt by the Board. In unhurried and almost unpopulated efficiency its gleaming pumping-rooms purr; its gravel lies quietly in the filter-beds; its turncocks patrol their beats and turn "valves" with their "keys." Its five thousand workmen do not strike, its £8,000,000 budget is balanced, its three thousand acres of reservoirs reflect the slow-passing seasons.

Anglers—those of them who send their shilling to the Clerk of the Board for a day's sport—sit with even more than their legendary patience on the reservoir banks waiting for the legendary 25-lb. pike. Rare winter birds also recognize the calm sanctuary of Metropolitan Water—Goosanders, Great Northern Divers, and many more. Black-headed gulls of course are there in their tens of thousands. But it takes more than a gull to worry the Metropolitan Water Board.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



THE BRITISH WAY

"I HAVE it on the authority of a truthful friend," said Retts-Butler, "that an ex-colonel attached to the British Council in Pakistan has erected an olde Englishe inne just outside Karachi in order to introduce the Pakistanis to the Englishe way of lyffe."

"There is only one flaw in your likely tale," I said. "The Pakistanis, being Moslems, are devout tee-totalers."

"He says that doesn't matter," Retts-Butler answered. "He pours their orange pop into pint tankards and has already raised two quite useful darts teams."

"As I remember Karachi," I said, "the place is full of camel carts. I suppose these draw up outside the pub to give it the atmosphere of an old English village."

"There is no need to scoff," he said. "I would like to see the idea extended. We should export a Kensington fish-shop to Budapest . . ."

"There are no sea-fish in Hungary," I began.

"So much the better," he broke in, "so much greater the verisimilitude in the queues. And the Council would probably have to employ a special sign-writer. Think of the possibilities. 'No halibut, no hake, no dab, nor lobster, mackerel, nor crab . . . The imagination eels—reels, I mean.'"

"It seems to. And I suppose you would send a tobacco kiosk to Surabaya . . ."

"There is plenty of tobacco in Java. There I would establish an English temperance hotel. High tea, ending at 6.45 P.M. sharp so that the staff could get to the pictures, would be

the last meal of the day; and no snacks in the bedroom because the management would not be able to pay overtime. When I was last in Surabaya the Dutch, after heavy bouts of gin-drinking, sat down to *rijstafel* at about ten P.M., waited on by a chain-belt of over twenty 'boys,' who served the numerous addenda to this monstrous dish. The contrast with the British way of life would strike them forcibly."

"A tobacco kiosk," I started sulkily . . . A train hurled itself by beneath the window (we live in a developing area), clattering the words back against my teeth. The room was filled with a rush of smoke. "I have it!" I cried into the murk. "For New York. A replica of Liverpool Street Station. There would be a loud-speaker announcing incoming trains from drear places on the Essex marshes, trains which would never arrive. At number one platform would stand an electric train with a waxwork effigy of the Minister of Transport at the controls. Every half-hour a rival loud-speaker would announce that this train was leaving in fifteen minutes. It would never start, but Americans could be persuaded to sit in the coaches in expectation. It would furnish a very necessary discipline for intending tourists."

"The grant for the British Council," said Retts-Butler, counting on the fingers of one hand, "reduced as it is by devaluation, would hardly allow such expenditure."

The truth is that Retts-Butler has not that essentially British characteristic, a receptivity to outside ideas.



Kenneth Mahood



"Would this Chateau Yquem be all right for a cold?"

GREAT-UNCLE'S GOLF

HE did not carry a score of clubs in graded ranks
and rigs
Or a monstrous bag with a coloured gamp and a clutter
of thingummyjigs;
He did his work with a long-faced spoon and a weapon
he called a cleek
And somehow or other he hit his ball to the middle of
this day week.

That ball he teed on a mound of sand; it was heavy and
hard as stone;
A stroke was a crack like a pistol-shot that dirled on
the elbow bone;
But he swung away and he swiped away and not one
fiddle-de-dee
For what the Pro—or anyone else—might say of his
style cared he.

My old great-uncle, for all of that, would have viewed
with some dismay
The lax zip-fastened slack-and-sweater prodigies of
to-day;
For he dressed the part with a dandy's care nor
reckoned himself an ass
In a cricketer's cap and a scarlet coat with buttons of
burnished brass.

A fiver a year would cover his costs; well spent was that
indeed
For never it brought him a sleepless night or a meal-
time off his feed.
A figure of fun? A quaint antique? Back number?
That may be:
But—my old great-uncle *enjoyed* his golf. Do you?
Do I? Do we? H. B.



IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Tuesday, October 18th

One of the endearing things about the House of Commons is its almost complete lack of subtlety. A visitor from Mars could scarcely have failed to detect the nearness of a General Election, however firmly official statements had put it off until next year.

Every question, every supplementary question, bore a barb intended to pierce—and stick in—the electoral consciousness of those millions to whom Mr. CHURCHILL always refers (in the old-fashioned Parliamentary phrase) as being “out of doors.” Ministers were asked for information which has often been published in the past, but which, announced now on the Floor of the House, will make raw material for election speeches.

Honourable and right honourable gentlemen “opposite” (on one side or the other) did their best to neutralize the effect of any useful information or facts. Supporters of the Government whose support has often had to be enclosed (in the interests of truth) in inverted commas, vied with each other in vociferous loyalty to the Front Bench, and every phrase was highly charged with what its author no doubt hoped was electoral atomic energy.

But there was another subject in the minds of all—the grave economic situation which Mr. MORRISON had said was to bring “unpleasant” consequences to all.

Mr. ISAACS, the Minister of Labour, announced that he would say something soon about the Government’s power to direct labour, and repudiated a suggestion (made in “responsible newspapers”) that the trade union movement had asked him to increase that power. “We are accustomed,” he said magisterially, “to rumours in the newspapers”—and that was that.

Mr. DAVID KIRKWOOD, whose voice has scarcely been heard since

he became a Privy Councillor last year, boomed at intervals: “Did the Tories no’ . . . ?” but (like the Walrus and the Carpenter) received no replies.

Mr. MORRISON was nettled by a reference to the proposed Festival Gardens in Battersea Park as a “fun fair,” and announced severely that there would be an “amusement section” (loud Opposition amusement) and that, anyway, the whole thing was intended seriously, to bring in dollars. Whereupon Mr. IAN MIKARDO sought an assurance that, though the term “fun fair”

to the country.” But their interest was more literal, and the Bill under discussion was one intended to give us all readier access to the countryside and the right to pass, on our lawful occasions, along footpaths.

It was, of course, not a contentious measure, and it soon passed, giving their Lordships access to the dining-rooms or their homes.

Wednesday, October 19th

Another of the endearing things about the House of Commons is that the closest observer can never be sure what the next day’s mood will be. To-day’s Question-time was a lively as yesterday’s was—well, prosy.

Members on the Government side of the House assembled in seemingly chastened mood, for they had just heard a private address from the Prime Minister on the economic situation, with some indication of the “things to come” to meet it. But, before long, they were as lively as any, and joining merrily in the old game of scoring off the other side.

First, Sir THOMAS MOORE, told that there would, indeed, be no election this year, announced with decision that “the country wanted and needed a change of Government.” The majority of Members present, however, appeared to disagree with this statement, and the Cabinet’s decision stands. Mr. KEELING was more successful in an intervention on behalf of *anser albifrons*—known to its friends as the laughing goose—which apparently seeks sanctuary on Frampton Sand, on the Severn. Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON, the Air Minister, had proposed to establish a bombing range in the vicinity (as the policemen say). Mr. K. argued that airplanes, aiming-practice and *albi-frons* don’t mix, and asked what Mr. H. proposed to do about it. The Minister promptly announced that he intended to abandon the range idea, and bowed as most of the



Impressions of Parliamentarians

93. Sir William Darling
(Edinburgh, South)

might not be approved, fun would not be expressly forbidden.

Then came a little glimpse of the Star Turn for which all were waiting. Mr. ANTHONY EDEN asked when an announcement might be expected on the Government’s plans to deal with the economic situation, and Mr. MORRISON promised it for Monday next.

The House then passed on to the business of the day, which, as is often the case when Members first return from recess, was routine and unexciting. In fact the business was romped through at such speed that, before they realized it, Members were out in the rain—which, in the national interest, they tried hard to look as if they welcomed.

Despite the fact that they have no need to seek election, their Lordships were also talking about “going



"When devaluation caught us we simply had to cut our crusade short."

House, acting as proxies for the geese, cheered gratefully.

Mr. CREECH JONES, Colonial Secretary, asked a question about war compensation to Malaya, replied *"The tank has been tested and found to be leaking . . ."* Just as Members were deciding that this was some particularly choice example of Whitehall imagery, the Minister paused, flicked over his papers, and began again. He had merely read the answer to another question—about a reservoir—but it cheered the House up more than somewhat.

A moment later Mr. JOHN STRACHEY, the Food Minister, who gets into so much trouble that wits refer to him as the Minister of *Feud*, was in trouble over a postmark which announced that "Britain Says Thank You for Food Gifts." This, said Mr. BOYD-CARPENTER, was placed on letters sent to Italy, Germany and other defeated enemy countries, and, in any case, was undignified and uncalled-for. But Mr. STRACHEY was adamant about it, and held that it was a good idea—it

was, indeed, his own Department's idea.

Almost the entire House turned on him, and Mrs. LEAH MANNING, a staunch supporter of nearly all Ministers, expressed the view that the stamp was "nauseating." Mr. S. said he did not think so, and Mr. ANTHONY EDEN, to clinch matters, added that it "disgusted the whole House." And Mr. BOYD-CARPENTER said (amid a storm of approving cheers) that he would raise a debate on it as soon as possible.

The House went on to talk about dentists, and their relationship with the National Health Service. Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN said some things about dentists in general that made one hope (in the interest of humanity) that he had no early appointment with a member of that profession himself. One dentist-Member spoke of a "racket" in his own profession, in relation to the Health Service, but Colonel WALTER ELLIOT denied this and defended the dentists.

Mr. BEVAN lashed out at every-

body from time to time, and, when the free medical treatment of foreign visitors to our shores was discussed, spoke of nationalism as the curse of the Opposition.

Thursday, October 20th

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON announced that, next week, there is to be a two-days' debate on the economic situation, after the statement of Cabinet policy by the Prime Minister.

What interest there was in the business of the day promptly departed, for the coming debate—on Wednesday and Thursday—overshadowed all else. However, the House dutifully discussed this and that, on the Parliamentary principle that normal business must be done though the sterling fall.

It was noted that Mr. MORRISON was in jubilant mood—from which acute (and other) observers drew their own varying conclusions. We shall know, by the time this is read, who was right.

House of Commons:
The Star Turn is
Announced

AT THE PLAY

She Stoops to Conquer (NEW)—*Gooseberry Fool* (DUCHESS)

THE part of *Marlow* in *She Stoops to Conquer* is a pretty good test of an actor. You remember how he comes reluctantly courting

overwhelming. The success of the play depends on his mastery of these diverse elements, and the success of this production is Mr. MICHAEL

REDGRAVE, who stammers and flirts and swaggers to our entire satisfaction. His *Marlow* is a fellow of shining integrity, of the utmost charm, yet the very model of the sort of youth against whom university tobaccoists used to warn their daughters in the era of Sinister Street. It is a fine piece of gentle comedy, and Mr. REDGRAVE has a way of locking his lips mulishly on an M that puts him among the great stage stammerers.

As a whole the production is another winner for the Old Vic. Mr. MICHAEL BENTHALL's failing as a director is his proneness to exaggerate, and here he overdoes the grotesque; the men-

lent a friendly elegance by Mr. WALTER HUDD and Mr. MICHAEL ALDRIDGE. For the decorations to this imperishable embroilment Mr. ALAN BARLOW has taken a leaf from Rowlandson. A slightly faded leaf, but pleasant.

Gooseberry Fool, adapted by Mr. REGINALD BECKWITH from a play by MM. LOUIS VERNEUIL and GEORGES BERR, is a neat, thin triangle comedy that probably went much better in French. In spite of polished acting by Mr. HAROLD WARRENDER, Miss ELEANOR SUMMERFIELD, and Mr. ANTHONY FORWOOD, it is difficult to forget that English-speaking husbands are not of the stuff that bothers to manoeuvre their wives' lovers into bachelor paths. I felt that Mr. WARRENDER's athletic husband would have barked once for that to have been that. Authentically Gallic, however, is Mr. ALLAN JEAYES' disgraceful father-in-law, and whenever he is on the stage our doubts dissolve. ERIC KEOWN

Recommended

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST—New—Lovely production in Old Vic repertory.

DAPHNE LAUREOLA—Wyndham's—Bridie and Edith Evans both at their best.

THE HEIRESS—Haymarket—From Henry James' story, very well staged.

BLACK CHIFFON—Westminster—Flora Robson superb in good family drama.



[Gooseberry Fool]

Family Reunion

Michel Ancelot—MR. HAROLD WARRENDER
Caroline Ancelot—MISS ELEANOR SUMMERFIELD
Etienne Beaubert—MR. ANTHONY FORWOOD
Edouard Chardonne—MR. ALLAN JEAYES

Mr. Hardcastle's daughter, how her presence as a lady congeals his wits while her pretence of being a barmaid melts him to gallantry, and how, because the wretched *Tony Lumpkin* has informed him that *Mr. Hardcastle's* house is an inn, he treats the hospitable old gentleman with monstrous insolence. (Insolence, by the way, that Goldsmith seems to think is excused by *Marlow's* mistaken belief that *Mr. Hardcastle* is an innkeeper. Did roadside hosts really stand for this kind of treatment in the eighteenth century? To-day *Marlow* would be out of any public bar in the country in the first minute, and horizontally.) The actor who plays him must be constantly changing gear. He must be hesitant and tongue-tied, though not quite a boor, and the next moment a warm young amorist still palpably a gentleman. In male company his assurance must be

servants are too farcically decayed and villainous, and there are too many false noses, which, of all organs, have a habit of cancelling out. It may be sentimental of me to think that Miss ANGELA BADDELEY's face is far too nice to be loaded with coloured putty (even as *Mrs. Hardcastle's*), but I feel her hideous mask is part of the unnecessary exaggeration. At the same time I could forgive this and much more for Mr. BENTHALL's understanding of the play, from which he gets triumphant fun. Miss BADDELEY comes bravely through the putty. To do justice to Mr. MILES MALLESON's pouting *Hardcastle* one would need to borrow epithets from the deepest end of an aquarium. Miss DIANA CHURCHILL's *Kate* is properly mettlesome, Mr. NIGEL STOCK's *Tony* an unquenchable lout, and those two pillars of society, *Sir Charles Marlow* and *Hastings*, are



[She Stoops to Conquer]

Birds of a Feather

Mrs. Hardcastle—MISS ANGELA BADDELEY
Tony Lumpkin—MR. NIGEL STOCK

OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN



"Peter Grimes"

THE curtain rang up at Covent Garden this season with a new opera, *The Olympians*. Its subject is one that is as old as comedy—two young lovers, sundered by a tyrannical parent whose dramatic function is that of Aunt Sally; and a happy ending, effected by the Olympian Gods who are wandering the earth in the guise of vagabond players and resume their heavenly powers for one night only. The librettist and composer are two of Britain's most distinguished men of the theatre, J. B. PRIESTLEY and ARTHUR BLISS, but unfortunately, and contrary to all expectations, what they have produced is not an opera at all but a full-flavoured Priestley play impeded by an agreeable musical accompaniment. None the less there are moments when music and drama fuse into one, such as ROBERT HELPMANN's dance when he turns from a strolling juvenile lead into the god *Mercury*. Here a genuine feeling of magic and mystery wafts over the footlights. Another is the truly noble lament over the fast-waning power of the gods sung by *Diana* (that splendid artist MARGHERITA GRANDI). In *The Olympians* there is certainly an opera, or a modern masque, in the making, and one with great charm and a genuinely English flavour. Is it too much to hope that it may be remodelled?

Another British opera, *Peter Grimes*, is now firmly established in the Covent Garden repertoire alongside such time-honoured war-horses as *Aida*, *Rigoletto*, *La Traviata* and *Il Trovatore*. Familiarity with it only increases one's amazement at

its brilliance and force, the descriptive power of the music, and the way the situations crystallize into musical "numbers" at exactly the right moment. You may feel that the Borough had every reason to fear and dislike *Peter Grimes*, the half-demented fisherman, and that *Ellen Orford* was a sentimental goose, but *Peter Grimes* is the most wonderful "theatre." It is also the opposite of a restful evening's entertainment. You come away from it exhausted, feeling you have been balancing precariously between sanity and insanity and clutching at "Auntie," the Hogarthian landlady of "The Boar," and her equivocal "Nieces" as the only healthy elements in this dazzling, horrible work; and looking back at the quartet of these three drabs and *Ellen Orford*, expatiating upon their respective attitude towards men, as its only point of repose. RICHARD LEWIS now sings the title rôle, and sings it very well indeed; the crowd are intensely alive and menacing; JOAN CROSS's study of *Ellen Orford* has mellowed and filled out, while EDITH COATES as "Auntie" is first-rate.

Character parts are Miss COATES' forte. She has not the sustained vocal quality nor the style for *Amneris* in *Aida*, which she is singing again this season. She gives a tremendous display of vixenish jealousy, but does not for a moment suggest a Pharaoh's daughter. LJUBA WELITSCH is a superb *Aida*—so good that the whole production should be overhauled and made worthy of her. The tatterdemalion ballet, the poor lighting and the stage band whose ancient Egyptian head-dresses give them the appearance of a litter of cocker spaniel puppies that have been taught to play trumpets and tubas (twentieth-century model)—all need attention. So does FRANZ LECHLEITNER, the *Radames*, who appears to have all the faults but not all the virtues of the German tenor. KENNETH SCHON's *Amonasro* could be much



"Aida"

better; and so could MARIAN NOWAKOWSKI's English, which produces the oddest effects both in *Aida*, where he has the rôle of Pharaoh, and in *The Magic Flute*. His splendid voice and physique would make him an excellent *Sarastro* but for his thick enunciation.

The improvement in *The Magic Flute* since it was first staged is a measure of how far Covent Garden opera has progressed in the last year or two. OLIVER MESSEL's décor, it is true, is still unbearably tulgey, from the moment when *Tamino* and the serpent first whiffle into view until the frabjous final scene when *Tamino* and *Pamina*, hand in hand, mount the steps of the Temple of Wisdom to the outstretched arms of *Sarastro* seated at the top. KENNETH NEATE's *Tamino* has improved greatly. SHIRLEY RUSSELL is a pretty but vocally uncertain *Pamina*, and the versatile JOHN BROWNLEE an excellent *Papageno*. ERNA BERGER, one of the season's guest artists, is a brilliant *Queen of Night*, though on the night we heard her—by a stroke of ill-fortune for us, as for her—a cold blotted out her starry top notes. The sinister three *Ladies* were first-rate; so were the three *Genii* who guided *Tamino* and *Papageno* through their ordeals. Altogether *The Magic Flute* is most enjoyable, and would be still more so if the orchestra were not sometimes so heavy-footed. But perhaps this judgment is simply the aftermath of having heard the Vienna Philharmonic so recently.

D. C. B.

FACING THE CRISIS

WHEN Sir Stafford Cripps made his dramatic announcement on devaluation I sent at once for my Investment secretary. How much was devaluation going to cost me? What of my holdings in American Oil? What of my Tin Debentures in Ohio and Copper Ordinaries in Salt Lake City? "Do not perturb yourself, my dear," said my secretary and wife, "your investments can never be devalued."

I asked her to explain where my money was invested. "It must be somewhere," I remarked, "because the difference between what I earn and the amount I spend is spare money. Spare money, Mr. Shaw tells us, is capital. Capital may be either placed in a sock or invested, and I assume that you have invested it." I felt that women knew nothing of high finance. It is all due, I believe, to the masculine brain which weighs much more than that of the female.

"You have," said my wife, "nothing to worry about. There is of course the shilling left in the Post Office to keep the book open . . ."

"On one sheet of paper," I said, "explain our exact financial condition as at midnight last night." Ever since I began Mr. Churchill's War Memoirs the phrase "on one sheet of paper" has attracted me. Like Mr. Mitty I can imagine things, and I see myself as a Minister of Combined Insurance Operations.

"Tell me," I would say to some startled Senior Executive, "on one sheet of paper the whole National Insurance set-up."

Within ten minutes her report was before me. It was extremely lucid and I surveyed the result with equanimity. True, we owed a small bill here and there, but it appeared that if I cut down on my smoking all would be well.

Any student of the Press can tell you how the country can get out of its difficulties. It is, apparently, very simple. Work Harder and Save More. And if that does not save us, Productivity will effect the final cure. I explained it to my wife. "If you were to hold three forks in the left hand it should be possible to dry each of them with only one movement of the tea-towel."

"Show me how," she asked. As I did so I told her all about Time and Motion Study. Unfortunately she missed the more brilliant of my ideas, as she wasn't there. I have made a mental note not to tell her any more about Productivity. She is a clever girl, but I think the subject is beyond her.

There are times when people are unable to agree on the solutions to our financial problems. Mr. Bevan, for example, may occasionally find himself unable to concur with the owner of Colonist II. But on one point all agree. Work Harder.

Now I have always admired the

hard workers. I have envied their rippling muscles. I have marvelled at their industry. I have seen clerks breathe on their pens to cool the heated gold of their nibs. I never fail to salute those who earn a living with their brains. I do not know how they do it. One of my greatest pleasures in life is to watch people work. I am not, I am sorry to say, a hard worker myself. I have long since thrown in my lot with the watchers. But I agree with those who advocate harder work.

Yet I fear that work alone, even if conducted at fever pitch, will solve neither the pound nor dollar gap. Mr. Hardy, a keen observer of his fellow men, was once asked to define pessimism. He said that it was merely the ability to stare facts unflinchingly in the face.

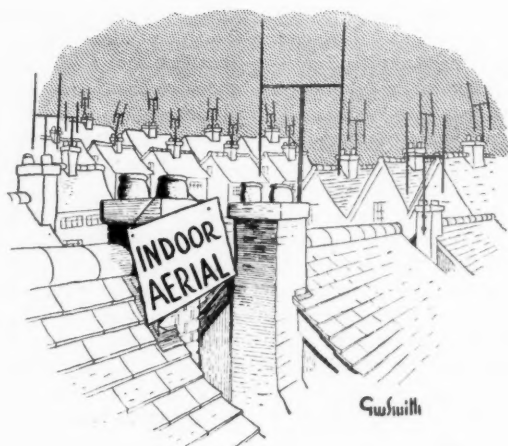
What are the facts? What is the main cause of all our troubles? It is, of course, that those in positions senior to ours are all dunderheads—without exception. If you are a foreman, look at the Works Manager. Could you not do his work better than he? With more skill? With greater efficiency? In the Civil Service I have asked myself this question. Could I do the work of every stage in the hierarchy above mine? I am bound to admit that I could. I was explaining my views to a young man who is junior to me. He did not thank me for this increase in his philosophical education. He said that he could not agree more and that he could do my job standing on his head with his eyes shut. This view I thought very uncivil.

No. We cannot look to those above or below us for help. The country must look only to you and me to work harder and save more. And now that Mr. Attlee has made his dramatic announcement I intend to make a start immediately—or as soon as I have got over the nervous trouble which I fear will be a bane to me throughout this crisis.

5 5

Peaceful Pedagogue

"Miss Hunter spoke highly of Mr. Reside's organising ability as a head master, and paid tribute to his unflinching interest in the welfare of the school and its pupils."—*Falkirk Herald*



BOOKING OFFICE

Novelists Relax

THERE is a great deal of waste in the grim discipline of writing fiction. Like a tailor's cutter who has finished shaping a suit, the author is left with a mass of bits and pieces, awkward in size but still good stuff that has had to be woven out of thought and experience. Most novelists seem to feel the need of clearing these remnants occasionally from their cluttered stock, in essays or short stories or the patchwork quilt of loose autobiography. It is in the last form that Miss G. B. Stern excels.

Benefits Forgot, the fourth volume in her present series of this nature, is more amusing than a conventional autobiography, for instead of chronicling events it offers all the excitements and surprises of spring-cleaning an untidy but crowded mental attic. Miss Stern takes us up to her hoard in a spirit of high adventure which becomes ours too; and while we seem to sit beside her on the floor she dives into battered and vaguely-labelled trunks for all manner of rewarding fragments. As she plays it, this variant of Treasure Hunt is a delightful game. It is also highly peripatetic, because a prize from one heap will suddenly remind her of something stored in a still dimmer corner; and what she will run across on her way to get it is nobody's business. ("Never mind the dust, dear," we can hear her say, "just look at this!") Her book should really have been called "The Way of a Digressor," but wandering with anyone as witty, as illuminating and as warmly companionable as Miss Stern is an unalloyed treat.

Sometimes the trove is embedded in the old notebooks of her craft, doubly interesting if one has just read Mr. Maugham. Sometimes it is lying about among the casual observations of a life in which oddities, human and otherwise, have clearly been encouraged. ("Shall be very glad to welcome you home," writes her manservant, "so that I can settle down again to the trivial round and common task.") Its general theme is gratitude for the things that have given Miss Stern most pleasure, and the list of these is catholic: conversation with Lloyd George, who told her the Dole was a watercart to lay the dust—"when the dust rises, you get the revolution"; such magic phrases as that whispered to one of our intelligence officers, "Ich think that there are two German tanks dissimulating in the milk-schop"; buying pictures, and wondering why; films and plays and books, and quoting, which she does constantly, but invariably to our benefit; and being honestly nostalgic. Her recollection of a child's joy in the mysteries of a beach is so complete that it brings back even the forgotten mouldering smell, half fishy and half vegetable, of wet caves. She is always ready to step aside to savour a cliché, or torpedo the probabilities of the Lady of Shalott, or to loose off such hilarious inventions as her bogus historical diaries. It is a rich, large-minded book, revealing an immense gusto for life and written with unfailing humour and modesty. Also it is blessedly free from gossip and personalities.

I cannot, I am afraid, say quite the same for Mr. John Brophy's relaxation, *The Mind's Eye*, a daily diary for 1948 through which runs a note of resentment at what he chooses to regard as the unjustified neglect of his work by some of the literary critics. Not content with airing this displeasure, he singles out an adverse critic by name and proceeds to pick holes in his style. Besides being very tedious and embarrassing to the reader, such a course could quickly make hay of all those decencies on which criticism necessarily rests; and judging by this diary, where Mr. Brophy is by no means backward in recording the minor triumphs of a creative artist, he scarcely lacks appreciation. To my mind his daily pieces are too often either purely domestic or else merely reflections of the famous, but sandwiched between these duller passages is a lively and intelligent commentary on what he sees in his travels through England, and much sound criticism of plays and films. (His summing up of Disney is excellent.) He has a deep interest in pictures, and can express it with admirable clarity, and he has valuable things to say about the technique of the novel. Lord's, Wimbledon, Dublin revisited, women's fashions, on all these he writes forcefully and sensibly. In fact I liked parts of his book so much that I found the rest doubly irritating. ERIC KEOWN

Gabriel, Lizzie and Janey

Those who prefer their artists handled pathologically have had a long run of luck with Rossetti. Professor Oswald Doughty, in the bibliography which is the chief glory of *A Victorian Romantic*, has overlooked Violet Hunt's account of Gabriel's wife Elizabeth



Siddal. But, in any case, the early Rossetti means little to him. He dislikes pre-Raphaelitism, preferring the late poems and pictures in which Rossetti celebrated (or found relief from) a passion—probably, his biographer suggests, consummated—for William Morris's "Janey." There is circumstantial evidence for and against this theory. One must remember that an inaccessible lady or an inaccessible faith were part of the Victorian tradition; and that Rossetti, with his Petrarchan and Dantesque background and his great genius, brought these "properties" to life. The genius is more interesting than its casual grazing-grounds. "Lizzie," however, deserves better of Professor Doughty, who, while discounting Ruskin's enthusiasm for her water-colours, has not even traced her "most remarkable" picture (now in Eire) after 1903. H. P. E.

A French Diplomat Among the Nazis

M. François-Poncet was Ambassador at Berlin from 1931 to 1938. *The Fateful Years* is a brief account of Germany at the time, with a few personal reminiscences and some character studies of the Nazi leaders. It is a straightforward sketch of the period rather than an addition to diplomatic history, though scholars will probably find some minor facts new to them in the descriptions of interviews with leading statesmen. M. François-Poncet emphasizes that his voluminous reports had little effect on French policy and that he was merely a channel of communication between the two governments. His warnings were uneasily accepted but his recommendations were ignored. His account of Munich is interesting because it gives the French case against Britain and balances the traditional British view that it was mainly France's fault. The blurb says that the book "is not merely well, it is elegantly written." This throws the blame squarely on the translator for its awkward style. R. G. G. P.



"Rover is asking to be taken for a walk, dear."

Two Against the World

The unspoiled love-story running through its pages gives something like a thrill to Miss Barbara Blackburn's well-inspired biography, *Noble Lord: The Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury*. This great Englishman, handsome, aristocratic, eloquent, appears here as eternally torn between a sense of his own limitations and an unrelenting urge to action on behalf of the distressed. More than any other he was responsible for humanizing the treatment of lunacy, for taking women and children out of the coal mines, for reducing the desperate hours of work in factories. The chimney-sweeps blessed him. The coster-mongers were his friends. Reclaimed pick-pockets greeted him from the colonies. Here are unsparing pictures of an industrial England desperately in need of an open-eyed reformer and here was the man of all others to roll uphill a thousand burdens of mercy. Always he was supported and inspired by the society beauty who, against the advice of her people, married him and made his work her own. C. C. P.

"In Life's Uncertain Gloamings"

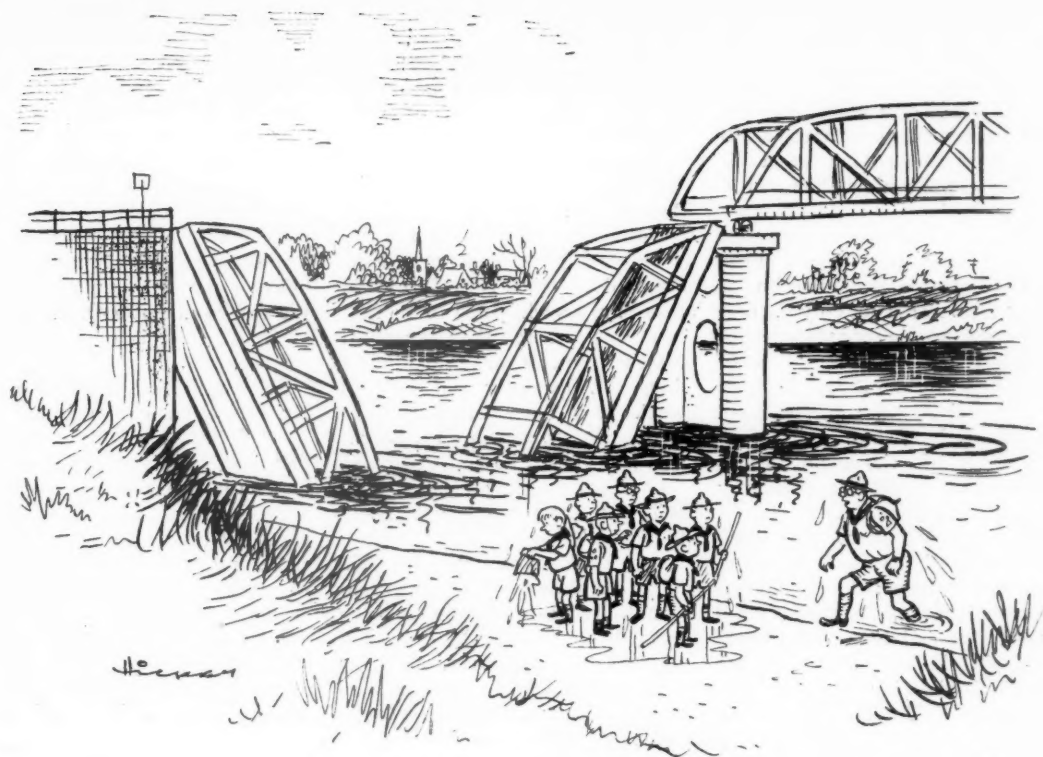
Readers of middle-age should be charmed to find that their contemporaries are in the majority, and play all the nicest parts, in Winifred Peck's novel, *A Clear Dawn*. Edinburgh, so ill-disguised as Castleburgh that the very publisher's blurb gives away its secret, is the setting of a story, superficially simple, fundamentally of the stuff of life and death themselves. Lady Peck generally writes of those once referred to as "the best people"; here, with sympathy and understanding, she chiefly concerns herself in the affairs of two sisters whose walk in life is very humble, though their brother has attained the status of a colonel in the R.A.S.C. This makes him the prey of a husband-hunting English girl whose advent brings trouble and sorrow to them all and to that elderly viking Professor Ross and his lovely distraught old Lucia. This delightful book is Lady Peck at her best. B. E. S.

Books Reviewed Above

Benefits Forgot. G. B. Stern. (Cassell, 15/-)
The Mind's Eye. John Brophy. (Arthur Barker, 15/-)
A Victorian Romantic. Oswald Doughty. (Muller, 25/-)
The Fateful Years. André François-Poncet. (Collanz, 18/-)
Noble Lord: The Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury. Barbara Blackburn. (Home and Van Thal, 15/-)
A Clear Dawn. Winifred Peck. (Faber, 9/6)

Other Recommended Books

Illustrated English Social History. Vol. One: Chaucer's England and the Early Tudors. G. M. Trevelyan, O.M. (Longmans, 18/-) First of four volumes of a new edition of the famous *English Social History*. Illustrations (scores of plates, four in colour) chosen from contemporary sources of every kind by Ruth C. Wright. A very tempting volume.
The Man Who Made Friends With Himself. Christopher Morley. (Faber, 10/6) Indescribably entertaining novel, knee-deep in quotations, word-play and small whimsical verses, by a man whose infinite and rich enjoyment of life sparkles from every page.
After the Bombing. Edmund Blunden. (Macmillan, 6/-) Forty-five short poems in a variety of (mainly traditional) forms, most concerning nature and the country: contemplative, often brightened with a flashing pictorial image; gentle, sometimes shaded with a touch of bitterness; limpid, strengthened here and there with a knotty line.



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He was no ordinary man. My trained eye took in at a glance the delicate hands of the artist, the tiny eyes of the financier and the flat brow of the statistician.

"I'm afraid I'm not a client," I began, "but I saw your notice and should like to know something about your business. You see, I'm a journalist."

The doctor was quick to take the point.

"Publicity for us and ten guineas for you. I understand. What paper?"

"Free-lance," I replied, trying to look as if I didn't care.

He nodded me to a seat sympathetically.

"I can't think why more people don't know about us. We've been here a long time. The idea is very simple. People are doing things all the time and mostly they never realize what they've done. They break records without knowing it. They do bigger, faster and better things than ever before and as often as not are quite unaware of it. Well, we tell them. That makes them feel better and puts up their market value. Our methods are entirely statistical."

"And is there enough in this to support a business?"

"Indeed there is." The doctor smiled proudly as he pointed to the walls which were festooned with signed photographs. "Some of our satisfied customers."

I noticed the faces of many celebrities of stage, screen and sport. There were not a few politicians, and the smile of a Cabinet Minister beamed down at me from between a racehorse and a saxophonist.

"I'll show you round. That'll give you an idea of how it all works."

He led me through a door labelled "Drama, Music and Literature." We stopped first at a long table where several young men were poring over files of newspapers.

"These fellows work on the show business. You know the sort of thing, 'With its two hundredth performance *Live and Let Live* breaks a new record...'"

"But surely everyone knows that *Chu Chin Chow*..." I began.

"There's a lot more in it than that. Do you know which was the only murder play to run a hundred performances at the Mayfair Theatre? Did you know that *Fig Leaves* is only the third 'musical' to run ten performances in London this year that hasn't run a thousand in New York?"

We passed another table and a shaggy young man handed up a report. I glanced at the first line or two. "*Hero Rex* is not only the first dog novel to be translated into Chinese, it has been chosen 'Book of the Month' by the Canine Defence League and its sales in Venezuela exceed anything since..."

As we left the room Probus pointed out an old man sitting by himself in a corner. "That's Stutz. He's our music man. He practically created the whole science of Musical Statistics; I expect you know his books, *Musical Aspects of Statistics* and *Statistical Aspects of Music*. He's on a very big job now; he's checking up on the performances of Tchaikovsky's B flat concerto."

We went through the Sports Department where they were having a busy morning coping with a record total of second-half goals at Ipswich, a Channel swimmer who had failed sixteen times in one season and a horse that had been placed second in nine successive races. In the Novelties Room I saw

beginners at work on little hack jobs for the Daily Press. I shall always remember that room in future when I read, "Genial Mr. Pudsey, the only man in England to wear a twenty-eight inch collar . . .", or perhaps, "There are now only three men in Manchester who can remember the Repeal of the Corn Laws . . ."

The Political Department was a big draughty room with desks ranged down either side of a central aisle. Probus whispered to me that this was where they prepared speeches, reports and that kind of thing. Apparently the political parties kept them very busy. My guide spoke to a man on the right who looked as if he had toothache.

"Good morning, Major Gall. Will you have the speech ready to-night?"

"I think so, sir," growled Gall, "I've got some new data. The consumption of beef sausages is down by half and the trade gap has widened ten degrees. Cigarette-queueing has increased absenteeism among bricklayers by ten per cent."

As we moved over to the left a cheerful, intellectual type greeted us.

"Some good stuff has come in this morning, sir. It'll do for the miners' rally. The erection of ferro-concrete bungalows was trebled last quarter and refrigerator installations in converted Nissen huts have reached a new peak. The consumption of orange juice is up by eight

per cent and unemployment in ice cream is at its lowest since 1891."

As we left Politics we passed a big empty room marked "Industry." Probus's face clouded.

"We used to do a big business with industry. There were output records—cheese, saucepans, hair-grips, all kinds of things. Then there were the 'per man-hour' stunts, figures for knocking in nails, laying bricks, screwing up nuts and so on. We've lost all that now. The Board of Trade took it over; we can't compete."

As we shook hands at the door Dr. Probus gave me a form.

"If you should want our help just send in this with five guineas and we'll do our best for you."

I thanked him but said I shouldn't need his services. I was quite certain I'd broken no record of any kind.

"Never broken a record!" Probus started back, incredulous. "Amazing. Unique. This is something like an achievement. Let us check it right away."

3 3

Hiking Hitch

THE fact that I had no gift for "thumbing a lift" wrote *Finis* to all my dreams of arising and going to Innis-free.



Hollywood

"And so you still maintain that you're the taller."

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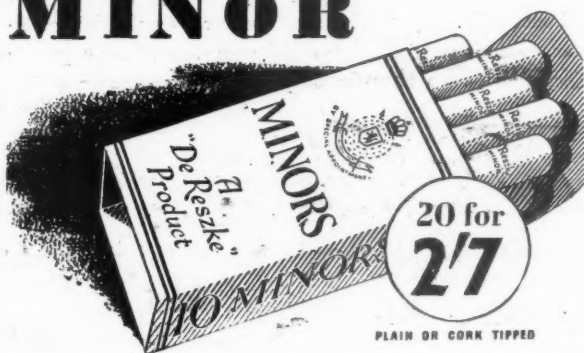


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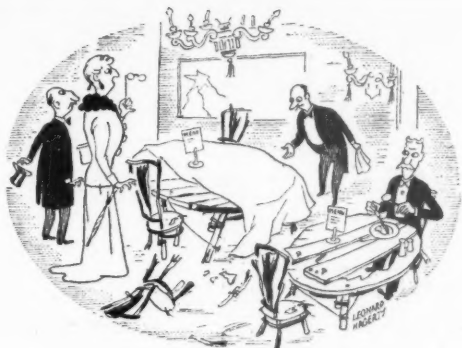


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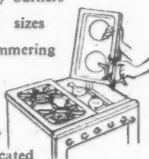
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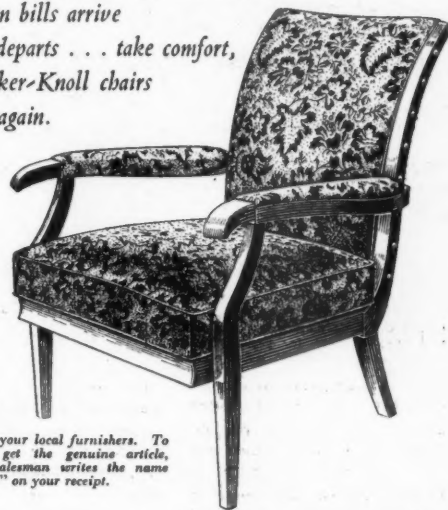


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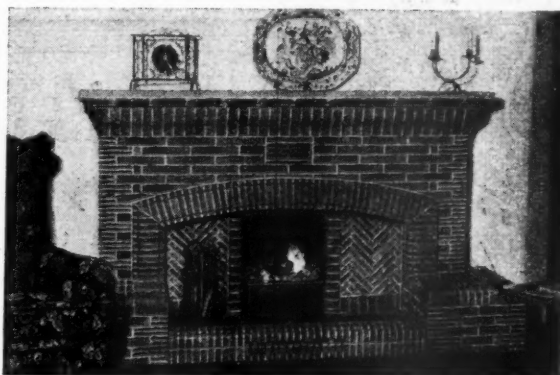
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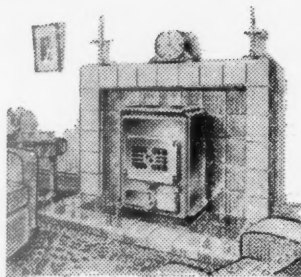
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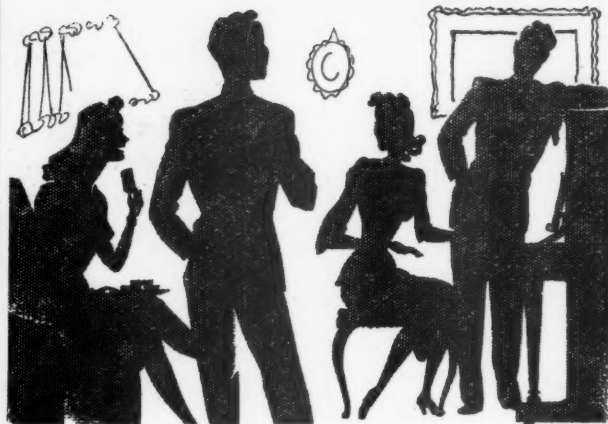
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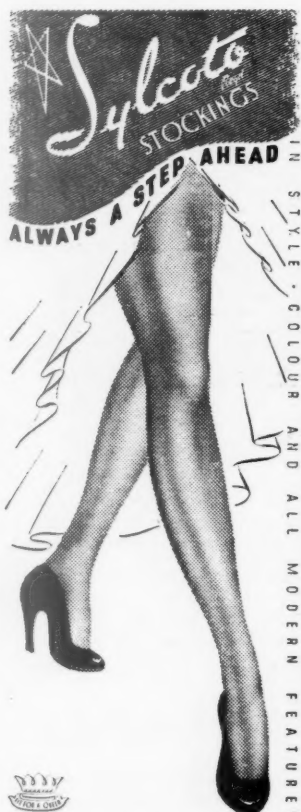
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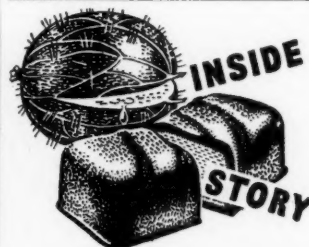
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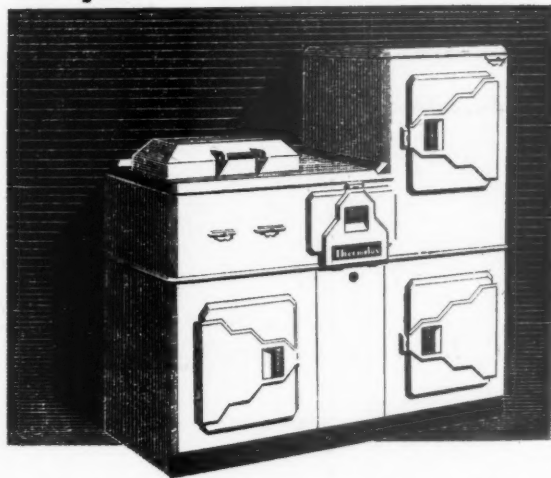


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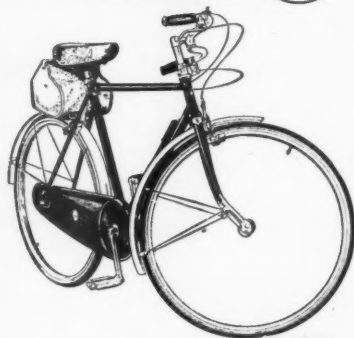


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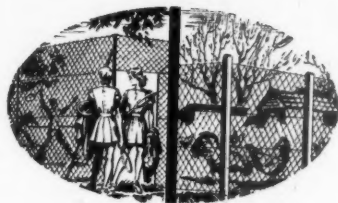
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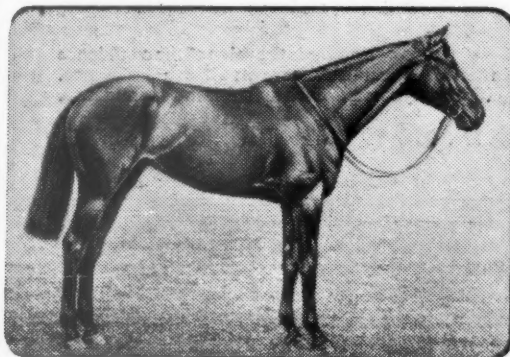
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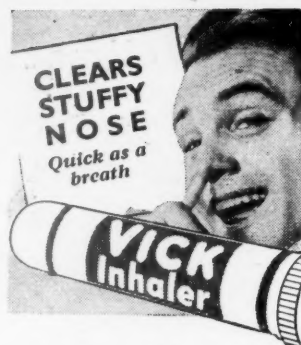
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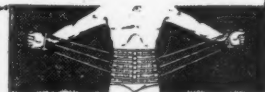
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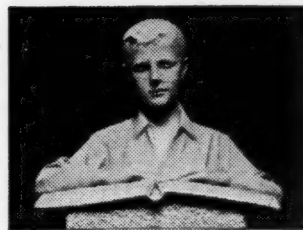
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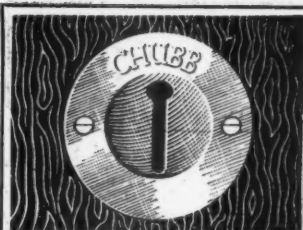


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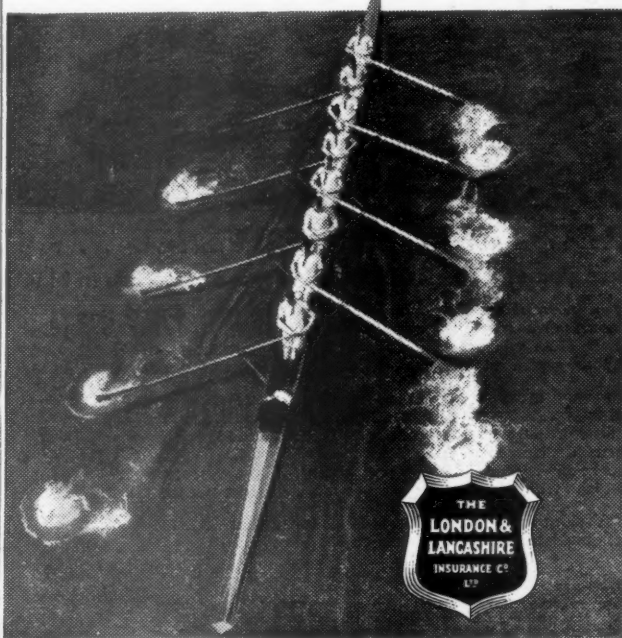
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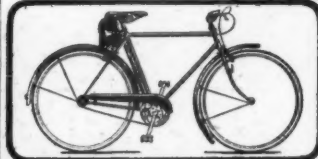


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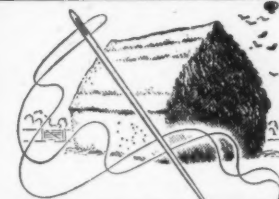
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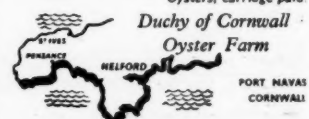
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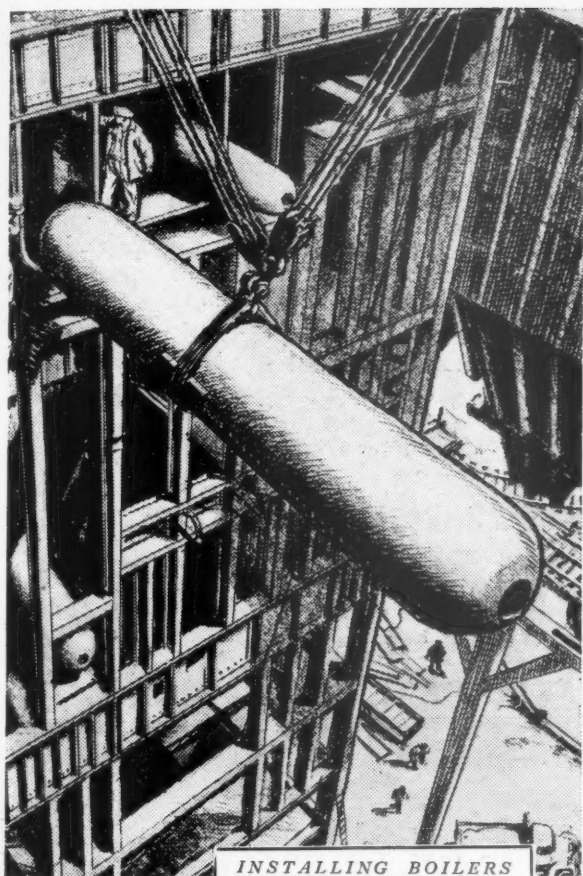
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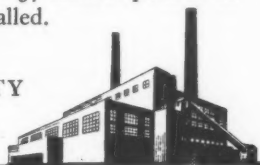
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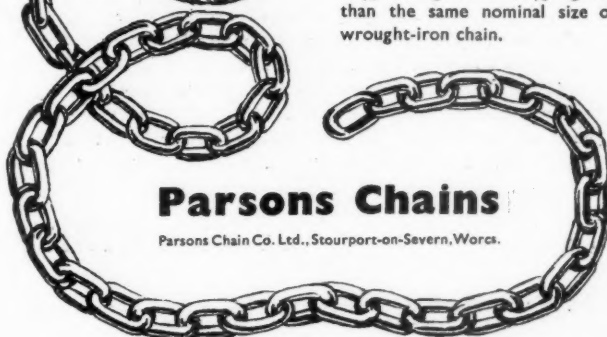
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see this > but you can't see
through it —



Every twenty-four hours a factory nestling beside the Birmingham to Wolverhampton canal produces a mile of glass. All that glass finds its way to window frames and partitions. You may not be able to see through it but it lets the light in—it's called 'Figured' or 'Cathedral' glass and Chance Brothers are experts in the making of it. It comes in many patterns and Architects are fond of it (especially the kind called 'Reeded') which they use for all kinds of decorative as well as practical purposes.

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Chance
GLASS

FOR SCIENCE, INDUSTRY AND THE HOME

BILLY LONERGAN makes a lonely living on his 'station' in Queensland, remote from a world to which his activities are increasingly important. He raises meat, of course, but his 'by product,' hides, is also helping to fill a world shortage. Essential, therefore, that the maximum value is obtained from what is available

Monsanto's chemicals for the tanning industry are helping to maintain higher standards in leather production, helping Billy to get a better return for his hides, helping Britain's exports, and helping to provide you with the goods you need. Just one more example of the way Monsanto is 'serving industry, which serves mankind'



Monsanto makes nearly two hundred chemicals of vital importance to British Industry. If you have a chemical problem it is highly probable that Monsanto will be able to assist you

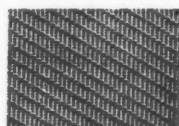
MONSANTO CHEMICALS LIMITED • 8 WATERLOO PLACE • LONDON • SW1

Tygan

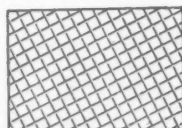
WOVEN FABRIC
*is unequalled for
durability*

Tygan is probably the nearest approach to an everlasting fabric which has yet been devised. Its resilience, toughness and abrasion resistance ensure excellent wearing qualities, where treatment is particularly severe. It can be used out-of-doors as it has excellent weathering properties. It can be cleaned by sponging with water. It is unaffected by a wide range of chemicals, and is smart and colourful.

Tygan is suggested for the upholstery of seats in cars, buses and trains; for theatre and cinema seats; for garden furniture; for chairs in cafés, bars, hotels; for fly screens in the tropics, and for larder windows and meat safes.



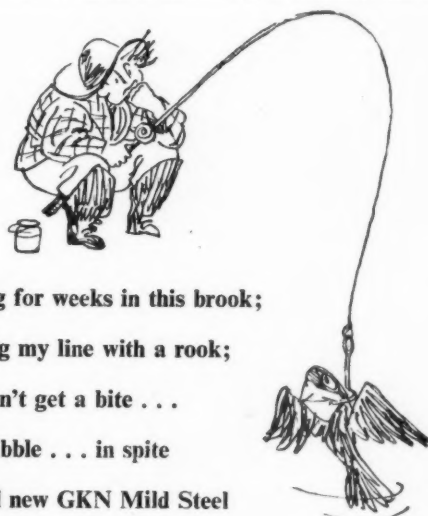
TYGAN UPHOLSTERY FABRIC



TYGAN FLY NET

Write for illustrated folder with patterns, quoting reference L6
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I've been fishing for weeks in this brook;

I've been baiting my line with a rook;

Yet I can't get a bite . . .

Not a nibble . . . in spite

Of my beautiful new GKN Mild Steel

Japped Gimlet-pointed Gate and Shutter Hook.



We make so many different fastening devices that even the most knowledgeable folk sometimes find themselves fishing in troubled waters when trying to select exactly the right one for the job. The people in our technical department know all our fastenings and their possibilities and are always ready to help with advice and information.

IF IT'S A MATTER OF HOW TO FASTEN

ONE THING TO ANOTHER, GET IN TOUCH WITH

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THE ABBEE NATIONAL

BUILDING SOCIETY

which this year celebrates its hundredth anniversary, is marking the occasion by a relaxation of its investment restrictions. Until further notice existing shareholders may add any sum to their share accounts, provided the total does not exceed £5,000. New shareholders may invest up to £5,000. (Husband and wife are considered as one for this purpose.)

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Safety-First
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A SUCCESSFUL DISCOVERY

FOR THE RELIEF OF PAINFUL SYMPTOMS OF
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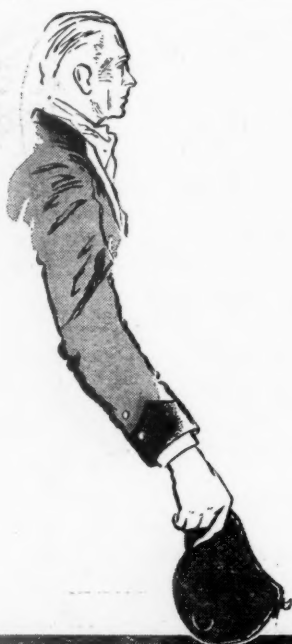
DOLCIN is a special compound of calcium succinate and acetylsalicylic acid (aspirin) which has been widely tested and proved effective in countless cases, in this country and in America and Canada.

DOLCIN provides **PROMPT RELIEF** from the painful symptoms of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis and Fibrositis. Dolcin also gives **PROLONGED RELIEF** because it contains substances which increase the supply of blood and oxygen to the affected tissues.

DOLCIN is non-toxic. It will not harm the heart or any other organ, even when taken over long periods to eliminate rheumatic activity in severe cases.

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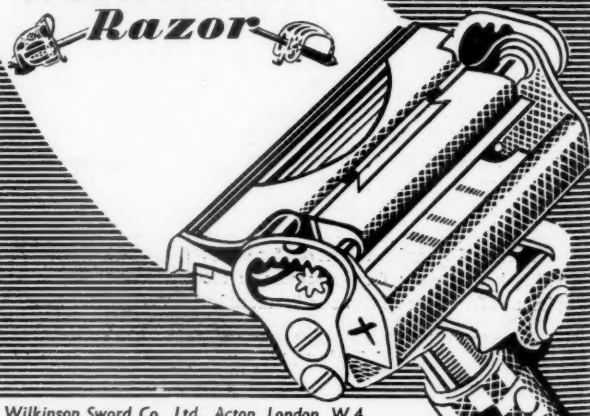
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save as
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Ask your stockist to show you the full range of Wilkinson Razors from 21/- to 60/- (inc. P.T.). Wilkinson Long Life Hollow Ground Blades now sold in packet of 4 for 4/11d. (inc. P.T.)



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FOR THE NAUGHTY
NINETIES



—OR NEW-LOOK
NIECES



Whether you heard Gladstone say it in '86 or whether you can't remember when skirts were worn shorter, there isn't the slightest doubt that you'll take to Kia-Ora with as much gusto as a modiste talks in guineas. For everyone who's tasted the pure deliciousness of these fruit-fresh Squashes says :—



"HERE'S GOOD HEALTH TO YOU"

KIA-ORA

the most delicious of all fruit drinks

*When sugar and quality
Fruit Juices are no
longer rationed to us,
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Lucky Lad!



Look for the name STANDARD on every Firework

MADE IN HUDDERSFIELD & SOLD IN THE BEST SHOPS EVERYWHERE

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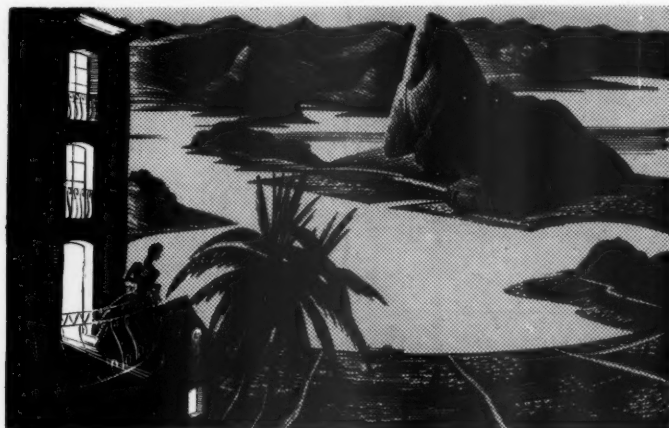


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ABDULLA

No. 7 'Virginia' Cigarettes 20 for 3/10

ALSO Abdulla Turkish and Egyptian



We're rolling down to Rio, too

THIS story begins in Victorian days, when one Mister Wickham (later Sir Henry) went gathering rubber tree seeds in Brazil. He brought these home with him to England; presented them to Kew Gardens; they planted them, shipped the seedlings out to Singapore, and that was how Malaya began to be one of the world's greatest rubber growing countries.

BRAZIL has grown in importance since those days. She is a vast, rich country now of just about as many people as there are in Britain. She sells rubber and coffee (an awful lot

of coffee), cotton and cocoa, tobacco and meat to the rest of the world, and among the things she buys in exchange are thousands of motor cars. It's a fairly safe bet that the rubber in some of the tyres on some of those cars comes from Malaya—and that's why we begin with the story of Mister Wickham and his rubber.

It all has something to do with the wheels of trade turning full circle, which is what they'll be doing in Britain before long.

We shall soon be reaping the benefits of all this export trade we're

doing. Our guess is that it will prove to be one of the soundest, most rewarding investments our old country has ever made.

BUT just to get back for a moment to Brazil . . . where they dance the Samba as it really should be danced . . . before the war there was scarcely a British motor car to be seen from Rio to the Amazon. Now the Nuffield Organization alone is shipping hundreds of cars and commercial vehicles each month. That'll do far more than pay for all the nuts we can eat next Christmas.

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